

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AND HIS IRISH BRIDE.



Leaving the little church at Kilsaran after the wedding. Lines of white-froked children from the church schools were drawn up on either side of the pathway with baskets of bluebells, poppies, and lilac, which they strewed in the path of the bride and bridegroom.



The banner photographed was displayed at Annagassan, the quaint fishing village where the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute embarked for Scotland.



The scene at Annagassan when the Marquis and his bride left the pier. Their boat had the Irish flag at the prow and that of Scotland at the helm, and was immediately followed by another carrying the Bute pipers.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD.,
DEPT. D.15, COVENTRY.

ENTOMBED UNDER THE SEA.

Terrible Fate of Crew of
Hapless Submarine.

22 HOURS ALIVE,

But Signals Cease Before the
Vessel Can Be Raised.

WIVES' SAD VIGIL.

It appears only too probable that an awful fate has overtaken the unfortunate crew of the French submarine Farfadet, which foundered near Bizerta.

Entombed alive in the steel hull lying stuck in the mud beneath 33ft. of water, the thirteen helpless men seem to have been slowly suffocated, as the air in the submarine became unable to support life.

For nearly twenty-four hours they were able to communicate with the divers trying to rescue them. They were tapping on the shell of their prison yesterday morning. But their long, terrible wait for death seems now to be over. The latest telegram said that these knockings had ceased.

FRANTIC WIVES WATCHING.

It may be that the submarine will yet be raised in time for the men to be revived, but this appears to be improbable.

Four chains have been passed under the hull and powerful steam cranes are at work, but in spite of all efforts the vessel is said to be sinking deeper into the mud.

The men in the submarine are nearly all married, and, to add to the horror of the situation, their frantic wives are assembled on the shore within sight of the vessels attempting to raise the submarine.

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

Submarine's Crew Replying to the Knocking
of the Divers.

PARIS, Friday.—The Ministry of Marine has received the following telegrams from Bizerta. The first, timed 2.45 yesterday afternoon, says:—

"The submarine Farfadet sank at the entrance to the harbour of Sidi Abdallah. According to present information the accident happened as follows. The officer in command, having perceived at the moment when the vessel was about to descend that the skylight closed badly, attempted to put it right by opening and shutting it vigorously.

"Before it was completely closed the water began to flood the turret, and forced the door outwards. The officer was thrown out, and in a few moments two other men appeared on the surface.

MEN ALIVE YESTERDAY.

"The submarine sank, head downwards, and was buried in the mud to a depth of ten metres. Thirteen men remain shut up in the stern. They reply to the knocks of the divers, who are disengaging the fore part of the vessel. All available means of rescue have been sent to the spot."

The second telegram, timed 8.45 p.m., says: "The salvage work continues, but at present without result."

At to-day's Cabinet Council M. Thomson, Minister of Marine, communicated the following dispatch from the naval officer commanding at Bizerta, sent off at nine o'clock this morning:—

"We are passing a third and fourth hawser around the sunken submarine Farfadet, which we have not yet succeeded in raising. The imprisoned men replied to the signals of the divers this morning."

NO MORE SIGNS OF LIFE.

A telegram dated noon to-day from Bizerta, published by the "Liberte" says:—

"The divers now no longer hear the imprisoned sailors respond when they knock on the outside of the vessel."

It is consequently feared that the imprisoned men have become unconscious from the effects of incipient asphyxia. Perhaps they have already succumbed.—Reuter.

PARALLEL ENGLISH DISASTER.

When the A 8 sank outside Plymouth Sound, a few weeks ago, it was four days before she was raised to the surface.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SUCCESSOR.

In Washington it is stated that the selection of Mr. Elihu Root as Secretary of State is due not only to Mr. Roosevelt's desire to avail himself of his wonderful mental powers, but also by the President's wish that Mr. Root should succeed him in the Presidency.

MILLIONAIRE AND FISHERMEN.

Reported Strange Shooting Affair
in the Highlands.

SERIOUS RESULT.

An extraordinary shooting affair is reported from Beaufort Castle, the Highland seat of Lord Lovat.

The castle is at present occupied by Mr. Henry Phipps, an American millionaire. Last Tuesday about midnight Mr. Phipps and his two sons observed some men in a boat on the river Beaulie.

Thinking they were poachers, they hailed them. It is said that shots were afterwards fired for the purpose of frightening the occupants of the boat.

Three of the men were struck, and one of them, a fisherman named Fraser, was seriously wounded in the face.

One of his eyes has since been removed. The matter is now engaging the attention of the Procurator Fiscal.

Mr. Henry Phipps, whose name is mentioned in connection with the affair, is a director of the American Steel Corporation, in which position he succeeded Mr. John Rockefeller.

His career has been an astonishing one, even for an American millionaire. His first start in life was made as a boy in a little blacksmith's forge, which eventually became the firm of Klonan and Co.

Afterwards, Mr. Phipps became associated in business with Mr. Carnegie, to whom alone he is second in wealth among the American steel kings. He also rivals Mr. Carnegie in the extent of his munificence. He is best known in Great Britain for his donation of £20,000 to the Boer Relief Fund. He also gave a similar sum for founding an agricultural college in India, which bears his name.

STONES THROWN AT A PRINCE

Unpopular Heir to the Serbian Throne
Punished for His Cruelty.

A most extraordinary story is going the rounds about the unpopular Crown Prince of Serbia. It is said, according to the Belgrade correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," that he lately took with him on a drive two of his favourite bloodhounds, and set them to worry to death one of the tame deer in the park.

The spectators were so angry that they, it is said, stoned the dogs and hissed the prince. The aides-de-camp were too frightened to interfere.

Mr. Svetomir Nikolayevitch, of Belgrade, a political candidate, has based his candidature on the demand for the punishment of the Serbian regicides. This is the first time that a political leader has made such a demand in public.

TOO HOT TO WORK.

Business in Heat-Stricken Italy Has To Be
Transacted at Night.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Friday.—The heat death-roll increases day by day, and the intense heat shows no sign of diminishing. At Milan the prefect has, by decree, suspended all work during the hottest hours of the day, and in many establishments employers have decided to carry on their business during the night.

In some districts cyclonic storms are reported. An ice depot at Milan was blown down, and one man was killed, and two deaths resulted from the fall of a chimney during a storm at Giussano, Brianza.

"BE SILENT."

Pope's Diplomatic Command to Prelates of
the Church in France.

PARIS, Friday.—The correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" at Rome says he learns from an important personage at the Vatican that the Pope has taken the following measures in regard to the French Separation Bill:—

The most formal order has been given to the French bishops to be silent, even if the Senate restricts the liberal spirit of the law and transforms it into a direct instrument of persecution. Any prelate who created a demonstration would be crushed.

SENTENCE ON A TRAITOR.

Accused of purloining military documents, Captain Ercolani, an Italian, was, at Messina, yesterday sentenced to six years and eight months' imprisonment.

His wife was acquitted.

TARIFF BATTLE CALL.

Mr. Chamberlain Delivers Stirring
Speech to His Supporters.

Few statesmen have had a reception so stirring and so magnificently enthusiastic as that which was accorded to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he rose last night in the Albert Hall to address 10,000 tariff reformers, who had assembled to do honour to the great apostle of their creed.

It was a striking gathering over which the Duke of Argyll presided. Mr. Chamberlain was accompanied by his wife, his constant companion in his great campaign, and on the platform were to be seen the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Rutland, and Viscount Ridley (the chairman of the Tariff Reform League).

Mr. Chamberlain seemed to be much impressed by the welcome accorded him. Directly the prolonged cheering had subsided, he expressed his thanks with characteristic directness and sincerity, and, as is his wont, soon plunged into the heart of his subject, enunciating his well-known doctrines in clear-cut sentences.

To those who have of late been anxious about the right hon. gentleman's health, the vigour of Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of his well-known doctrines came with reassuring and inspiring effect. He spoke with all his accustomed fire and mastery marshalling of facts.

At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks to him was passed amid remarkable scenes of acclamation.

Taken altogether, yesterday was a great day for the Tariff Reform League.

The secretaries of the various branches were entertained by Mr. J. Ratcliffe Cousins, secretary of the League, to luncheon at the Trocadero Restaurant; and at a business meeting at Caxton Hall in the afternoon it was proposed that March 31 should be celebrated as Tariff Reform Day.

SHORT RIFLE ABANDONED.

Another Government Blunder Costing Rate-
payers Thousands of Pounds.

Considerable commotion has been caused in Parliamentary circles by the announcement that the Government have intimated their intention of stopping the further manufacture of the short rifle.

Thousands of pounds (writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) have been spent upon the making of this weapon, despite the fierce hostility with which experts in all parts of the country greeted its proposed adoption.

There will be, of course, the usual official denials, but the Opposition will embrace the first opportunity on Monday of taking Mr. Arnold-Forster to task for his obstinacy in flouting the experts and wasting public money on a generally condemned weapon.

If the War Minister's replies are unsatisfactory the adjournment of the House will be moved.

MASSACRE OF INNOCENTS.

Government Finds Itself Unable To Pass the
Unemployed Bill.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—I learn this evening that the Government have now finally decided that it will be impossible to pass either the Unemployed Bill or the Workmen's Compensation Bill in the course of the present session.

The Scotch Education Bill is also likely to be dropped this year.

Mr. Balfour is likely to experience some difficulty over his redistribution proposals from Government supporters, who are practically to be asked to commit political suicide.

Members whose constituencies are to be abolished or absorbed are resenting the Prime Minister's proposals, and he is naturally anxious to see his principal measures considerably advanced before he risks the loss of a considerable section of his supporters.

MANIA FOR PAINTING FACES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—The madness of Jean Savorgnes, a journeyman painter, took the form of painting the faces of people in the street.

One of these, who objected, excited the ire of the lunatic to such a pitch that he knocked him down, and painted him so thickly that the poor man was half smothered and blinded, and had to be conveyed to the hospital.

CHURCHYARD GARDENERS.

For three days, beginning at sunrise, thirty ladies and gentlemen have been uprooting the weeds in a suburban churchyard near Birmingham. Their energy was in answer to the appeal of their vicar, who asked for volunteers to remove the terrible crop, of which he was "utterly ashamed."

TSAR AND HIS REBEL WARS.

Mutineers Must Be Captured Alive
or Dead.

FRUITLESS PURSUIT.

The cruise of the Kniaz Potemkin in the Black Sea continues without any untoward incident.

She has now left Theodosia for "ports unknown," leaving the city a good deal more frightened than hurt.

Her departure was the signal for the appearance of her pursuer, the torpedo-boat manned by Russian officers. A Reuter message says they have adopted the disguise of sailors.

The immunity of the pirate from pursuit has made the Tsar very angry. He insists that the mutineers shall be captured "dead or alive," and has withdrawn the decoration of the Riband of St. George from all holders among the Black Sea Fleet.

TSAR'S ANGER.

Emperor Withdraws Decorations Conferred on
Black Sea Officers.

PARIS, Friday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal" says that Admiral Kruger informed the Tsar, by telegraph, of the impossibility of pursuing the Potemkin on account of the fact that the crews of his squadron were not to be relied upon.

On learning this, his Imperial Majesty was provoked his anger, and with his own hand signed a decree withdrawing the decoration of the Riband of St. George from its holders among the Black Sea Fleet.

At the same time he dispatched a telegram giving formal instructions that the mutineers must be captured "dead or alive."

It is to the officer-manned torpedo-boat scouring the seas in search of the mutinied battleship that the authorities look for the sinking of the vessel.—Central News.

BRITISH COLLIERIES' DANGER.

Potemkin Pirates Leave Theodosia in Quest
of Coal.

ODESSA, Friday.—A Consular dispatch from Theodosia states that the Kniaz Potemkin has left there without doing any damage to the town.—Reuter.

THEODOSIA, Friday.—The Kniaz Potemkin allowed a British collier to sail, and then followed her out to sea.

Order is maintained in the town by the troops, and has not been disturbed.—Reuter.

SULTAN SCARED.

Flying Dutchman of the Euxine Causes Panic
Everywhere.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday.—The movements of the Potemkin caused a scare yesterday, when it was reported that she was making for Constantinople.

The Sultan sent two torpedo-boats, with Ahmed Pasha, Chief of the Marine General Staff, to Meraclia; to give orders that the naval coaling station should supply the Potemkin with coal and provisions should she arrive there, in order to prevent the battleship taking any action against Turkish ports.

The forts at Kavak have been ordered to sink the vessel should she arrive there.—Central News.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—Much anxiety is felt at the Black Sea port of Novorossiysk on account of the expected arrival there of the Kniaz Potemkin.

RUSSIAN OFFICERS' STRANGE DISGUISE.

THEODOSIA, Friday.—The torpedo-boat Smetlivy arrived here to-day, and after coaling continued the pursuit of the Kniaz Potemkin.

The vessel, which is manned by twenty officers disguised as sailors, has orders to force the mutinous battleship to surrender or to blow her up.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The piercing of the second gallery of the Simpson Tunnel has, says a Brigue telegram, been completed.

Two men waded to swim across the River Dee at Aberdeen yesterday, and in attempting the feat one was drowned within four yards of the other side.

Instead of going to Berlin from Paris to deliver a lecture on the attitude of French and German Socialists towards peace, M. Jaures will publish it in one of the German reviews.

ALL THE POST OFFICE STRIKE?

Hot Indignation Over Lord Stanley's Talk of "Blackmail."

WILL HE RETRACT?

Will the Postmaster-General apologise to the postmen? Or will he withdraw the words "blood-sucking" and "blackmail," with which in the House of Commons he stigmatised their efforts to better their condition as Government servants? The situation is critical. Not for a very long time have the relations between the Postmaster-General and his men been so strained. At St. Martin's-le-Grand yesterday the men performed their work under a sense of deep resentment. Though no mutiny is officially declared, it was common talk yesterday, especially among the telegraphists, that work should be suspended for twenty-four hours tentatively, while Lord Stanley reconsiders his words.

A high-placed official summed up the position for the men thus: "Lord Stanley has brought a charge which, if applied to the individual instead of to a body of men, would amount to a crime. The Postmaster-General is a soldier, and, no doubt, hits out hard without mincing his words; but fighting and statesmanship call for different qualities."

Strong Protests.

"It was not to be expected that a body of intelligent men would submit to such an attack without retaliation."

There are three associations concerned: The Fawcett Association, composed of sorters; the Postmen's Federation; and the Central Telegraph Association.

The last-named body was prompt to repudiate Lord Stanley's charge. Within a few hours they dispatched the following telegram to the Postmaster-General:—

The staff on duty at the Central Telegraph Office respectfully ask your lordship to either withdraw the statement made in the House of Commons that we have adopted a system of "blackmailing" and "bloodsucking," or to give them a promise that the statement will be repeated under circumstances which will enable them to exercise the common right of disputing or disproving so grave an accusation.

"Autocrat of Red Tape."

Lord Stanley attended for several hours at St. Martin's-le-Grand yesterday, and is said to have been surprised at the furore caused by his words. He is in no mood for apologising, and is stated to have repeated what he said in the House of Commons: "I am not afraid of running my own show."

It is not only among the younger men that the Postmaster-General has incurred displeasure. His attitude towards the Bradford Committee, which was appointed to inquire into the scale of pay of postal servants, has offended the majority of senior officials, who regard his bearing as rather high-handed and conservative.

"The Autocrat of Red Tape" was the title bestowed upon the Postmaster-General by one who secretly admired Lord Stanley's courage.

LADY WARWICK'S £5 NOTE.

Money Sent by the Countess to a Pauper Impounded by Guardians.

A begging-letter writer, an inmate of the Paddington Workhouse, succeeded in eliciting recently the sympathy of the Countess of Warwick, who sent the man £5.

The letter was opened by the guardians, who impounded the note, and her ladyship's application for the return of the money has been refused.

The Countess says it is an unheard-of precedent that a letter written to an inmate should be opened by the authorities, and if this is the law the sooner it is made public the better.

LONG TRAINS v. SHORT TRAINS.

Long trains are no more liable to accident than short ones, nor are they more dangerous to the men working them. This conclusion was arrived at by Lieutenant-Colonel Druitt after careful inquiry into the derailment near Burnley of four wagons composing part of a train of 103 wagons and vans.

"SPEECH WITH THE DEAD."

The British Convention of Theosophists discussed such mysterious matters as "speech with the dead," and the theory of re-incarnation at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, yesterday.

Mrs. Annie Besant, under whose leadership the gathering of "modern mystics" is taking place in London, welcomed the members.

THE STATE BALL.

Brilliant Scene Marks the Last Court Function of the Season.

The King and Queen both danced in the royal quadrille which opened the dancing at the state ball last night.

It was the last Court function of the season, and lacked nothing of the brilliance which usually characterises the state balls at Buckingham Palace. Beautiful women, in lovely gowns and blazing with jewels; distinguished men, bearing many medals and glittering Orders, combined to make the brilliant picture.

The chief guests were the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan, who came into the ball-room with the royal party.

The Queen, with her exquisite toilette and magnificent jewels, looked radiant, while the King had on the star and ribbon of the Garter.

It was not a large royal circle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia, were there; Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her daughter and niece. The general company numbered over a thousand.

The Duchesses of Portland and Westminster looked very dignified and wore some splendid jewels; the Duchess of Marlborough had on her famous pearls, and Lady Londonderry wore all her famous gems; Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Yarborough all wore beautiful diamond ornaments.

After the royal quadrille dancing went on most energetically, the young Princesses seeming to thoroughly enjoy the amusement.

WILD DRAGOON CHARGE.

Inquiry To Be Held Into the Real "Sham" Fight at Aldershot.

An official inquiry is being made into the cause of the incident at Aldershot on Thursday, when the Dragoons rode into the 3rd Scots Guards, slashing at them with their swords, and also ran into a cyclists' corps.

Unofficially, the cause of the cavalry's getting out of hand is believed to be that while charging through a narrow lane on to the common the squadrons were jammed in the rear, and could not overtake the front ranks before they had got to close quarters.

Injuries, fortunately, are limited to severe bruises, but it is a marvel that there is not a long list of casualties.

With regard to the steel rifle foresight alleged to have been cut off, Major Hulton, an acknowledged authority on swordsmanship, says he would like to see any sword in any cavalry regiment at Aldershot capable of doing such a thing.

Officers engaged in the sham fight say they saw no cyclists, and that no one knew of the alleged charge before it appeared in the evening papers.

£50,000,000 FROM FOOD.

What Nation Derives from Taxes on Meat and Drink.

The revenue derived from food and drink formed the subject of an interesting return prepared by Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

The figures go as far back as 1886, and do not include the revenue derived from the Corn Tax during its incidence.

Year.	Receipts.	Per head.
1886	£31,924,549	17 8 7
1890	34,604,391	18 7 3
1894	37,576,218	19 5 0
1898	40,768,349	20 3 3
1900	44,982,167	22 4 7
1902	47,631,231	23 1 8
1903	51,582,293	24 3 9
1904	50,628,502	24 1 5
1905	51,588,941	24 3 6
1905	51,836,377	24 2 7

OUR BOOMING TRADE.

The Board of Trade returns for last month were issued yesterday. The total imports for the month ended June 30 amounted to £43,557,407, an increase as compared with the corresponding month of last year of £360,623. The value of the exports for last month reached £25,985,397, showing an increase as compared with June, 1904 of £915,827.

STILL ANOTHER CROYDON FIRE.

Yet another fire, this time on Randall's Farm, has occurred at Croydon. Several haystacks were burnt, and it is practically certain the fire was the work of incendiaries.

So frequent have these outbreaks become that a Defence League has been formed in Croydon for the purpose of detecting the incendiaries.

GLORIOUS WEEK-END.

Prospects of Perfect Weather for the Londoners' Holiday.

WHERE TO GO.

The week-end promises a record rush from London. Last night the exodus had begun, but to-day all trains to river, country, and seaside will be very heavily laden.

For the week has been an exhausting one to Londoners, and the week-end everywhere in the country promises to be the perfection of English summer weather.

From all the seaside resorts comes the welcome invitation of glorious sunshine, dazzling seas, brilliant promenades, and piers gay with life and colour. All along the coast the weather this week can only be described as gorgeous and perfect.

At Eastbourne the brightest of conditions prevail, and visitors are beginning already to pour into the town, though the "high season" cannot be said to begin till August. To-day the Sussex Automobile Club hill-climbing trials will add their attractions to those of the weather, and a corresponding influx of visitors is expected.

Brighton, where sunshine is tempered by cool breezes, is daily invaded by "beanfeasters," of whom to-day an army of 10,000 descend upon London-by-the-Sea.

Shopkeepers are rejoicing in the descent of these birds of passage, who do not, however, put much money into the pockets of the lodging-house keepers.

Floods of Sunshine.

Still further west, Bournemouth basks in floods of sunshine, but as yet visitors are not plentiful, many boarding-houses being empty. The Bournemouth season, however, is a late one, and the richer visitors are yet to come.

From Torquay comes to the *Daily Mirror* an inviting picture of cloudless skies and a sea of unruined azure, coupled with a moderation of temperature (70deg. maximum), which gives the lie to the superstition that Torquay in the summer is an oven. The comparatively small number of visitors will be greatly increased this week.

At Scarborough, too, the sunshine is accompanied with a moderate temperature. Here the week-end attractions include a regatta, and about 15,000 excursionists will swell the daily growing tide of visitors.

Yarmouth, too, is in full swing. Business is brisk, entertainments are crowded, visitors and excursionists alike seem to have money to spend, though stray complaints are heard of a falling-off in this respect.

But doubtless the presence next week of the Volunteer camp will help to remedy this deficiency.

DUST-FIEND DOOMED.

Marvellous Fluid That Will Make Our Roads Everlasting.

At the week-end the sins of the motor-car in the matter of raising dust impose themselves most strongly on the public mind.

The man who succeeds in laying for ever the demon of dust will be entitled to rank among the benefactors of the human race.

This difficult problem not only can be solved, it is solved, if all is true that Dr. Arzt claims for his magical fluid Zorene.

Dr. Arzt says that Zorene will transform slag, the dustiest road material imaginable, into a compound from which indestructible roads can be made.

No traffic can wear them, nor even the forces of nature—frost, snow, and heat. They will be waterproof, clean, and cheap.

"Slag so treated unites, and a road made with it quickly puts on a solid surface and becomes one homogeneous mass."

"To penetrate such a road in order to get at a drain or telephone wire it can be removed in great slabs that are easily replaced."

Other road-making materials, such as granite, sandstone, and wooden blocks can be treated with Zorene.

MECHANICAL VOTING FOR M.P.s.

The time occupied by divisions in the House will form the subject of a question by Mr. Scott Montagu.

He will ask Mr. Balfour if a mechanical means of recording votes cannot be applied.

RAILWAY TOWN DESERTED.

The Great Western Railway works at Swindon are closed for the annual holiday, and yesterday 20,400 people, or more than half the inhabitants, left the town by excursions in the incredibly short space of two hours.

In many cases the intending trippers never went to bed. Twenty-one special trains were run,

NATION AS NURSE.

Are Public Crèches Likely To Pauperise the People?

A plea for the infants of women who have daily to go to the factory was the subject of a heated debate on the part of members of the Urban District Council's Association, who held their annual conference at the Guildhall yesterday.

The question arose on a resolution urging the establishment and maintenance of crèches by the local authorities, and this was only carried when it was so amended as to imply that such crèches should be self-supporting.

Early in the discussion one speaker protested that this was "another move in the direction of grandmotherly legislation," but Mr. E. F. Hunt, of Acton, who introduced the question, urged that crèches were urgently needed in those industrial districts where married women were amongst the toilers.

Mr. Hunt said he appealed for this reform because he believed it would prevent the enormous infantile death-rate.

"The neglect on the part of the baby-minder, dirty bottles, and irregular feeding have all to be combated," he went on.

"Women will soon come to see that a well-managed municipal crèche is far better than an incompetent person for the care of their children."

"Municipal authorities," said Mr. Cook, of Wallasey, "are coming to be looked upon as the godfathers and godmothers of the whole of the inhabitants of the country, and there is a feeling, which I repudiate, that special care should be taken of some at the expense of the rest."

Mr. Drinkwater (Levenshulme) said it was all very well to talk of grandmotherly legislation, but it had simply been brought about by the action of millionaire manufacturers, who did not care a "tinker's cuss" for the poor women whom they employed.

They might shout "No," but as a Lancashire he had known the conditions that prevailed.

During a discussion on municipal trading a speaker said that the provision of commodities by the local authority was a premium on laziness, parasitism, and vice, and would eventually make a nation of glorified paupers.

WORSE THAN THE REMEDY.

Severe Criticism of the Tannit Cure for Rheumatism.

The tannit cure for rheumatism, as reported from Cologne, has created much interest in Bermondsey, the centre of British tanning.

Even if the cure were infallible, the *Daily Mirror* gathers that there remain disadvantages to urge against it.

"I fell in a tannit once," said Mr. George Peeke, of Bevington's; "only once. Luckily I had my dress-suit at the station close by."

"I changed into that and was hustled off to a Turkish bath. No use. For a week my friends avoided me."

"If I had my choice between rheumatism and falling into a tannit again, I should chance the rheumatism."

CURIOUS WELSH WITNESSES.

"A Hole in My Shoe," says Mr. Justice Wills, Means "a Wet Day."

"Welsh witnesses have a habit of not answering 'Yes' or 'No' to questions asked them," said Mr. Justice Wills yesterday during the case in which Mr. David Davies recovered £250 damages against the Great Western Railway Company for injuries received in an accident at Llanelli last year.

"I do not mean," added his lordship, "to cast aspersions upon the credibility of Welsh witnesses generally, for some of their answers, though apparently not direct, may still be understood in the end. For instance, if one was asked: 'Is it a wet day?' the answer might be: 'I have a hole in my shoe'—the point to be understood, of course, being that the wearer of the shoe got his feet wet."

DIVING FOR SPANISH GOLD.

Within a few hours of starting diving operations for the recovery of treasure from the wreck of the Spanish Armada's ship *Florencia* at Tobermory, yesterday, proof was obtained in the shape of sword blades that the divers were close to the wreck. A sand-sucking pump is used to aid the operations.

ETIQUETTE IN WHISKERS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Drivers of hearse and funeral carriages in Paris are now to be allowed to wear mustaches.

Penalising has at length been grudgingly given by the Director of Administration of Funerals, as hearse-drivers have been insisting for four years past on their right to wear mustaches. Strangely enough, drivers of wedding carriages have always preferred to remain clean shaven.

DARK SIDE OF THE STAGE.

Girl Thinks Death Preferable to
Struggle for Money.

TIRED OF LIFE.

"I am tired of my life."

This piteous, hackneyed phrase was the only explanation Lillian Potter would give of her conduct when, after having jumped into the Thames from the Embankment, she was rescued by a constable.

She is an actress of only eighteen years of age, good-looking and well dressed, but she told a story of a desperately hard struggle for a livelihood when charged with attempted suicide at Bow-street Police Station yesterday.

At half-past nine on Thursday evening a policeman saw her standing on the Embankment steps near Cleopatra's Needle.

Jumped into the Water.

As he approached her she suddenly raised her arms and jumped into the water, which was here about eight feet deep.

He at once hurried down the steps, and by holding on the handrail was able to seize the girl's arm just as she was floating away. He drew her out of the water and helped her up the steps.

"I have had a hard struggle," she tearfully told the magistrate, and her sister, also an actress, when interviewed for the *Daily Mirror*, bore out the girl's statement.

"My sister has had a long stage experience, for she has been in the profession since she was five years old," said this sister.

"I went to bed as usual on Thursday night, expecting Lillian to return.

"About eleven o'clock a policeman came and knocked at the door. The first thing I thought was that Lillian had met with an accident.

"I was so surprised when he told me what she had done, because she had not seemed depressed or worried lately.

"But she has had some very bad luck. She was ill from October to March, and then she found it difficult to get an engagement.

"She has a splendid voice, and is a good dancer, but there are so many girls on the stage nowadays.

Her Last Engagement.

"And as she has been in the business since she was a child she has never been able to learn anything else.

"Yes, she has played some very good musical parts, but she has not been in drama since she was a child and played child-parts.

"The last engagement she had was at the Lyceum, where she received £1 a week, but that only lasted a week, because the Lyceum closed.

"She was rehearsing for six weeks, and had to provide her own dresses, which meant a good deal of outlay.

"But she had a month's contract, so I expect the Lyceum Company will pay her salary for the full month."

Mr. Marsham, the Bow-street magistrate, ordered a remand, and said he would look at the agreement which Miss Potter had entered into with the Lyceum Company.

BEDSIDE VISITANT.

Actress Wakes To Find a Strange Man
Investigating Her Luggage.

It was with no small feeling of alarm that Miss Eva Weigh, a member of Mr. George Edwards's "Duchess of Dantzic" touring company, now at Blackpool, woke up the other morning in her father's house at Middle Lane, Blackpool, to find a man on his knees by her bedside.

The man, according to evidence given at the Blackpool Police Court yesterday, was Joseph Kane, and his attitude was not so much indicative of his admiration for the lady as of his curiosity concerning the contents of her travelling basket.

Miss Weigh gave the alarm, and Kane was captured. Despite his defence that he did not break into the house but walked in, he was yesterday committed to take his trial at the Preston Sessions.

SCPTICAL JUDGE.

"I am sorry to say I am a non-believer of people on their oaths. I hear so much perjury and lying that when people say they have documentary evidence to back up their statements and fail to bring such documents into court, then I cannot believe them."—Judge Edge at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday.

A CHILD-BURGLAR.

Entering a house by the cellar window, a fifteen-year-old girl named Boorman ransacked all the lower rooms. She was arrested by the police, who alleged that she was not the only charge of housebreaking that could be brought against her. At Rochester Quarter Sessions yesterday Boorman was sent to a home.

FOR WANT OF 2s. 0½d.

Tramcar Passenger Gets Damages for
Being Arrested.

One farthing for false imprisonment and £20 for malicious prosecution was the verdict awarded by a King's Bench jury yesterday to Mr. Frank Ramsey, a Fulham commercial traveller, against the London United Tramways Company. Stay of execution was granted.

When Mr. Ramsey was riding on a tramcar from Shepherd's Bush he found, as he thought, he had left home without money. He was arrested, and, when taken to the police station, it was discovered that he had 5½d.

At the West London Police Court the next day he was remanded for a week on the application of the company's solicitor, and agreed to pay five shillings to the conductor for loss of time. He was asked to also pay 2s. 6d. as a court fee. Having only 5½d. with him he was again locked up. Eventually he was released without paying.

For the defence it was contended that Mr. Ramsey, when interrogated by the conductor, used a disgusting expression, did not pay his fare, and was locked up by the police for disorderly conduct.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, in summing up, commented very strongly upon Mr. Ramsey's allegation that after he had been remanded on his own recognisances he was put back in the cells because he was unable to pay a fee of half-a-crown demanded by the clerk of the court for signing the bail note. Mr. Roskill, K.C., for the money did not go to the clerk, but to the Treasury.

His Lordship: Even if it went to the Treasury I still make the same remark. It is a most extraordinary occurrence, and, unless a serious blunder has been made, I am utterly astonished that such a state of things should be allowed.

DICK TURPIN'S SECRET ROOM.

Famous Highwayman Recalled by Discovery
at an Old Ealing House.

The Plough Inn at Little Ealing, which is over 500 years old, is being pulled down, and during the demolition the workmen discovered a secret chamber, lavishly furnished in old oak.

Here, it is supposed, Turpin used to retire to baffle his pursuers. The house, which, it is stated, was once kept by Dick's grandmother, was known to contain one secret chamber where the famous highwayman was wont to conceal himself, but the existence of the second chamber just discovered was unsuspected.

The proprietor, however, took the precaution to put up a notice instructing the workmen to hand over to him, in exchange for a reward, any old coins, plate, or valuables they discovered.

LACONIC WILL.

Nearly £17,000 Disposed of in a Document
of Only 43 Words.

In a will containing only forty-three words, including date and signature, the late Major Squire-Dawson, of Higham, disposed of property worth £16,871.

The will reads as follows:—"This is my last will and testament. I leave everything I possess to my wife, Mary Squire-Dawson, and appoint her sole executrix.

"Dated October 6, 1885.

"Signed by the testator in our presence and by us in his presence.

"(Signed) WILLIAM SQUIRE-DAWSON."

Here follow the signatures and description of the two attesting witnesses.

The only redundant word is the second word "presence" in the attestation clause.

As a model of brevity, even this will is excelled by that of Matthew Arnold, which omitted the words "This is my last will and testament."

RUINED BY ELECTRIC TRAMS.

Attributing his failure chiefly to the coming of the electric trams, James Charles Crockett, till lately a licensed victualler, of the Bedford Arms, Clapham-road, returned his liabilities as £1,487 and his assets as nil, at a meeting of his creditors in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

The case went into bankruptcy.

WEEPING WARRIOR.

While giving evidence at Clerkenwell yesterday, a soldier, the brother of a man named Thompson, charged with assaulting his mother, broke down and sobbed bitterly.

The Magistrate: A soldier should not be so silly as to cry. See if you can get him (the prisoner) employment. I will discharge him.

In view of the refusal of the Holborn Borough Council to proceed against Major Isaacs, notice of a question in the House has been given by Mr. Flynn.

WHAT DOCTORS SEE.

Street Tragedies Invisible to the
Ordinary Eye.

DEATH IN LIFE.

"The medical man is on nodding terms with death at most street corners in our larger towns."

A writer in this week's "Lancet," pointing out that a doctor sees many things which are hidden from the average man's eye, sums up the position in this grim phrase.

The medical man, he says, must remain a pathologist in the street, and he sees many unsuspected tragedies. Who else would suspect the sword of Damocles that is hanging above this red-faced merchant, or see in his cheeks the signal of a fruit over-ripe?

To the lay mind this portly person stands for all that is prosperous and confident, and his appetite is the envy of many of his dyspeptic friends—who will send wreaths to his grave.

Deceitful Appearances.

See the bluff and kindly manner in which he hands a shilling to a thin-faced woman selling bootlaces in the gutter. It is only the medical man who will dare to prophesy white hairs for her long after her benefactor has been gathered to his fathers.

Behind sunburnt cheeks—cheeks that make all these other jostling faces look pallid and worn by contrast—the medical man is quick to recognise the imprint of the health resort, other things pointing to an ominous diagnosis.

The woman with the curious red spot upon her face affords him a sombre chapter for reflection. Whether it be lupus or epithelioma or rodent ulcer, it will mean far greater distressing of bodily and mental pain than that of any broken limb.

But, on the other hand, the doctor has compensations. He sees that the pallid man with his arm in a sling will in a few weeks be able to dig or ride to hounds; that the hopeless cripple appealing to the charity of passers-by is in no pain, and probably as well able to enjoy life as anyone else.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

The Best Way to the Best Holiday Places
Clearly Explained.

Everyone has a different idea as to which is really the best place to spend a holiday. Many want advice on the subject, and it is one on which no one individual is able to give a definite decision, for the simple reason that it is almost impossible to gauge exactly another individual's tastes, and without being able to do that it is impossible to decide.

The most satisfactory method—and the one adopted by the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide—is to collect all the real information about the various places, then anyone can decide for themselves the place that would suit them most. This has been done in a very satisfactory manner in the excellent threepenny publication referred to.

MR. PLOWDEN WRATHFUL.

Expostulates Warmly with Mother Who
Wished To Send Her Child to Prison.

"Do you want your child sent to prison?" said Mr. Plowden yesterday at the West London Police Court, when Eliza Jones, aged thirteen, was brought up by her mother on a charge of stealing tenpence from her.

The Mother: Well, she is a bad girl. I think she ought to be sent away.

Mr. Plowden: You want her sent to prison?

The Mother: Well, yes.

On hearing this the girl suddenly turned white and faint. Mr. Plowden directed the goaler to "carry the poor child" into the fresh air, and then pointing dramatically at the girl's retreating figure, shouted to the mother, "There, that's the child you want to send to prison."

On the girl's return the magistrate again put his previous question. The mother replied that the girl had robbed her before, and it was hard on a mother to have such a child.

Mr. Plowden: I am more sorry for the child than for the mother. I hope you are an exceptional mother. Now, little girl, go away, and don't do it again.

NEED NOT KEEP MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"I cannot pay. I have a wife, six children, a sister-in-law, and a cousin to keep," said a defendant at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday.

Judge Edge: You are not bound to keep your sister-in-law or your cousin. On the old maxim that "one must be just before he is generous," you must pay your debts before you keep your sister-in-law or even your mother-in-law.

"For the future, when children are to be brought before me, their cases are to be put first on the list," said Mr. Curtis Bennett, on taking his seat at the Westminster Police Court yesterday.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Petition for Receiving Order G
in Bankruptcy Court.

To Mrs. Brown-Potter's recent theatrical enterprises at the Savoy Theatre there was a touching sequel yesterday.

As all the world knows, the well-known actress's attempts to draw audiences failed. One after another, the plays that she staged at great expense had to be withdrawn, until, with the failure of "Du Barri," she had to confess herself defeated, and abandoned the attempt to retrieve her previous losses.

A few days ago all her furniture and personal belongings were sold at Bray Lodge, the picturesque riverside house in which she has lived for many years. But the amount realised was apparently insufficient to meet the liabilities which she has incurred, and yesterday a petition for a receiving order was presented on her behalf at the London Bankruptcy Court.

Mr. Brown-Potter, no longer in her beautiful home, was described as of Savoy-court, Strand, and upon the application of Messrs. Wontner and Sons, the usual receiving order was made.

TRUTHFUL FORTUNE-TELLER.

Accurate as to Facts, but Does Not Escape a
Heavy Fine.

Mme. Morlee, who is well known in Bradford and Scarborough, and whose real name is Mary Morley, was visited by Mrs. Philpott, the wife of a member of the Scarborough Police Force, on the assumption that she would tell her fortune.

Taking Mrs. Philpott's gloved hand—so the story ran when madame was prosecuted at Scarborough yesterday for fortune-telling—madame said that Mrs. Philpott had a boy and a girl (she had two girls, as a matter of fact), but when she was thirty-four she would have another son. There would be a death in her family, and her husband, who was under Government, would go into the "eating line business" when he was thirty-two.

Mr. Whitfield: Was not your husband at the war when he was thirty-two, and was he not an Army cook?—Yes.

Mr. Whitfield (amid laughter): Then he was in the eating line at thirty-two.

Finally the magistrate fined Mme. Morlee seven guineas on this and another similar charge.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

Forsaken Girl Pawns Her Earrings to Buy
a Death Potion.

"Bother the young men; they always bring trouble," said the father of Ethel Fullbrook when she told him she had taken poison.

The reason was found in a letter from her cousin, James Smith, who wrote breaking off his engagement to her.

At the inquest yesterday her father stated that his wife was at present in Colney Hatch Asylum, suffering from delusions.

On receipt of the letter the girl appears to have pawned her earrings for one shilling, which she spent on spirits of salts.

An emetic was given by a friend, but the girl died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in thirty-five minutes. The usual verdict was returned.

DUCKLING IN SILK HAT.

Riding Master's Pleasant Little Surprise for a
Police Surgeon.

Asked by the divisional surgeon to remove his silk hat, a South Kensington riding-master (taken into custody for being drunk whilst driving a horse and trap at Brentford), did so with a sweeping bow.

To the astonishment of the police and the medical man, a tiny lady duckling fell out, and this, the gentleman explained, he was taking home to present to a lady.

Previously, it was stated, he had driven into a provision merchant's yard thinking it was an hotel yard.

Yesterday, at the Brentford Police Court, he sorrowfully paid 37s. 6d. for being drunk.

THE SUNDAY PAPER WITH THE LATEST NEWS.

"Weekly
Dispatch."

ONE PENNY.
AT ALL NEWSAGENTS.

CANTABS' PLUCKY HILL STRUGGLE.

Colbeck and McDonnell Heroes of a Brilliant Partnership.

RAPHAEL'S HARD LINES.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

There was one great performance at Lord's yesterday when, after the Cantabs had looked hopelessly beaten, Colbeck and McDonnell made a glorious stand, and by superb cricket added 143 runs to the total in eighty-five minutes, and gave the Light Blues an outside chance of pulling the match out of the fire.

The crowd cheered these young heroes to the echo. McDonnell eventually made 60, and Colbeck was not dismissed until he had added his name to the small but select band of inter-Varsity match century-makers. A great performance in his first match! In the end Cambridge set Oxford 164 runs to get to win. They lost three wickets cheaply last night. Will they do it?

Raphael and Wright, the overnight not-outs, started for Oxford yesterday against the bowling of Napier and McDonnell in beautiful weather.

It was quickly obvious that the wicket would play easier than on Thursday, for the ball came along straight and true, and never jumped.

CAMBRIDGE SCORE PASSED.

Runs came at a nice pace from the start, both batsmen, and especially Raphael, playing well. The Cambridge score was passed amid great applause, Oxford still having six wickets in hand.

Both batsmen had some fortune, Raphael being missed at second slip by Colbeck, of Mann, and Wright being let off twice from skiers that went through the sun. These dropped catches put Cambridge in a losing position.

Frequent bowling changes were tried, but no good was done, from the Cambridge point of view, till 200 was on the board, when Wright was bowled by Morcom. He hit across one well up to him and lost the middle hob. Wright hit very hard for his runs, and made some magnificent shots. 200-5-95.

Followed Bird, who made no effort to play a straight one, but pushed a leg in the way. 298-6-2. Within a single of the three figures Raphael was bowled by a real smother, which ripped up the hill and just touched the off ball. It was hard on Raphael, who only wanted a run to equal Vardley's record of two hundreds in Varsity matches.

FIELDWORK DISAPPOINTING.

Udal made one or two good shots, but Henley and Burn were quickly shot out, the side being out for 819, or 101 on. Of the bowlers, Morcom was the best, as he bowled steadily and well without much luck from beginning to end. Napier bowled very well the second time he was put on, contrary to his usual tactics making the ball break back instead of swinging away. The catch was poor, and Payne, behind the wicket, was disappointing.

Cambridge had five minutes' batting before lunch, which proved just long enough for them to lose a valuable wicket, Young being magnificently caught low down left hand by Branson at second slip. 6-1-0.

Things went from bad to worse for Cambridge after lunch, Mann playing inside out from Evans, and being well caught at slip by Foster. 4-2-0. Then 6 runs later Page was well caught at the wicket off Evans. 10-3-4.

Keigwin joined Payne, who was never comfortable. The newcomer shaped well. Keigwin had the bad luck three days ago to be severely hurt on the left hand, which was badly swollen. Had this not happened he would, in all probability, have batted before lunch, which might easily have changed the whole character of the game.

Both Udal and Evans were making the ball kick wildly, and both batsmen were hit. Cambridge's great weakness throughout the game was the lack of a fast bowler.

KEIGWIN'S MISTAKE.

At 42 Keigwin was clean bowled by Udal, the off-peg being shot out. The ball seemed a pretty plain one, and should have been played forward. Keigwin played back and was late.

Payne, who had been nibbling at the off-ball without being able to touch it, at last got well set enough to be caught at slip off Evans. 44-4-26. Colbeck and Eyre put on 33 before the latter was bowled by Evans. The ball was a good one, slightly slower than most, and went up the hill. 77-6-9.

Followed McDonnell, who made some beautiful strokes on the off-side, and at four o'clock the deficit was wiped off, Cambridge having four wickets in hand.

Colbeck got going again, and made some gorgeous cuts, and one wind-and-water blow that broke past point at a great pace. Evans was off, and the bowling did not seem difficult. As the rate of scoring became too fast for Oxford, Evans

(Continued on page 14.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Anticipating his Majesty's approaching visit to Sheffield, an aged defendant who was brought before the stipendiary magistrate in that city pleaded, "Don't send me to prison this time, sir; I've never seen the King."

Weavers of coloured goods in Lancashire have been conceded an advance of wages amounting to 51 per cent.

About one-fourth of the Bungay (Suffolk) Volunteers, on examination by the medical officer of the battalion, have been certified as unfit for active service.

British soldiers when called out on active service in future will be furnished with paybooks, which they will be obliged to produce before issues of pay will be made to them.

Unmarried girls of the church of St. Paul's, Blackburn, have formed a cricket club, and will play on another part of the ground already rented by the male members of the congregation.

Constitution has been created in Carnarvonshire by the fighting attitude adopted by the Board of Education towards that county. At present all grants are suspended because the education committee have not put the council schools into a proper state of repair, and have failed to give the Board satisfactory assurances of their intention to do so.

Lincoln Board of Guardians have decided to purchase a gramophone for use in the imbecile wards at the workhouse.

Bampton (Devon) Fire Brigade are to be summoned to future fires by the ringing of the church bells.

Official visits were exchanged yesterday between the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and the commander of the French cruiser Duguay Trouin, now lying in the Mersey.

Although he is only ten years old, Edward Parkman has for some time been performing the duties of organist at the Bible Christian Chapel, at Oakford, Devon.

Mr. Collier, late Master of the Cumsack (Devon) Otter Hounds, has a cat which is acting as foster-mother to a young otter. The strange pair seem very fond of each other.

Two schoolboys gave chase to a peacock in Liverpool. One hit the bird with a cricket bat, and the other had stoned it to death. The culprits were haled before the magistrate and fined 40s. each.

It was said of a schoolboy charged at Romford Sessions yesterday with stealing a bicycle, that he exchanged the machine with another boy for two shillings, a tame rabbit, and a bottle of ginger-beer.

LORD STANLEY.



The Postmaster-General, who brought grave charges against postal servants in submitting the Post Office Vote. He said their methods of agitating for improved conditions of labour amounted to "political blackmail."—(Elliott and Fry.)

NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.



Mr. Elihu Root is to succeed the late Colonel Hay as Secretary of State of the United States. He is a famous lawyer and sacrifices an income estimated at £40,000 in accepting the office, to which a salary of only £1,600 is attached.—(Elliott and Fry.)

Prince Arthur of Connaught left London last night for Aberdeen.

Extremes meet in the case of Whitechapel and Poplar. In the former poor-law union, only three persons are in receipt of out-relief as against 6,000 in the latter.

Caught by defectives, to one of whom he handed the winnings on a bet which the officer had never made, Albert Chandler was fined 45 at the Mansion House yesterday for creating an obstruction by betting.

With a view to encouraging mixed bathing, the Otley Swimming Club have taken a stretch of the River Wharfe near Otley. Many ladies from Bradford have been swimming in the river, and a party of eighty is expected next week.

Dr. Knott, the aeronaut, who ascended alone in his balloon from Romford and crossed the Thames at Greenhithe, succeeded in obtaining excellent photographs of the river bed, which he clearly saw. He descended at Meopham, near Gravesend.

Workmen engaged in digging up part of the yard adjoining the Half Moon Inn, Bigg Market, Newcastle, came across an ancient well about forty-six feet deep, containing thirteen feet of water. It is supposed that formerly a monastery stood near the site of the well.

Permission to practise shooting in the union labour yard has been granted to a local rifle club by the Southwark Guardians.

Stamp duty actually paid by the Metropolitan Water Board in connection with the purchase of the undertakings totalled £213,224.

Conditional on the reduction of cost in certain other Royal Engineer establishments, the War Office has sanctioned the construction of a new balloon factory at Aldershot at an outlay of £10,000.

Two tons of strawberries were picked in the fields in the morning at Coupar Angus, in Perthshire, conveyed to the jam factory, boiled down, put into nicely-decorated jars, packed in boxes, and dispatched to market by the afternoon train.

According to a Parliamentary White-paper issued yesterday, £1,200 was granted during the year ended March 31 last as Civil List pensions, including £200 to Mr. J. G. Frazer, in recognition of his anthropological studies, and £150 to Mr. W. F. Denning for his services to astronomy.

There are so many Polish miners in the Lanarkshire town of Bellshill that a weekly paper in their own language has just been started. Its title is "Laikas Sanvaitinis Laikrastis" or "Lithuanian Weekly Times"; it boasts eight pages, and the Polish miner cheerfully pays 2d. a copy for it.

SHOCKING STATE OF KAFFIR MARKET.

Worst Day South Africans Have Seen for a Long Time.

CHEAP MONEY PROSPECTS.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—Kaffirs get worse and worse. That is the main feature and the chief influence in the markets. To describe the position as rotten is no exaggeration. It is the worst day Kaffirs have seen for a very long time. The big houses have apparently no intention to have shares shot into them, and give no support. The fall in prices which has taken place renders the position of the people helped out at the last settlement, and a good many others, somewhat precarious.

It must be recalled that in many cases there have been heavy falls since the last carry-over, declines of 2 or more in some cases. There were serious losses to-day on most leading shares. Differences will be substantial. It is lucky that the open account is not large.

Were it not for this weakness of Kaffirs, we might see improvement in other markets. To-day Kaffirs were at their worst, Paris selling direct to the big houses, and the provinces being uneasy. Everything, including Rhodesians, was sold, and some of the Rhodesian descriptions were very flat indeed.

Leave Kaffirs out of consideration there were not many bad points. The £1,000,000 on the way to this country from India—it leaves India to-morrow—is another reminder of the cheap money prospects. But what can Consols do in the face of all this Kaffir uncertainty? The quotation was compressed 1-16 further to-day, to 90 3-16.

JAPANESE LOAN PROSPECTS.

Monday at four o'clock we are to see the Japanese loan prospectus circulating. The *Daily Mirror* forecasts have proved practically word for word correct about this new loan. Apparently there has been quite keen competition to underwrite it. They call it 12 premium before the prospectus is out. By way of preparation, interested buying orders went into the market to-day for the scrip of the last issue, and so the price was rallied to 24 premium.

The Foreign bourses are not in an unsatisfactory state, despite the Kaffir liquidation. Indeed, most Paris favourites are higher. Thus, Spanish, Turks, and most other prominent speculative favourites were put better, and quite a good feature was Rio Tintos. Of course, Russians keep dull, but that is almost the only bad spot in the Foreign market. Another proof that, apart from Kaffir influences, we might easily see markets better.

As usual, the really strong section, and the one that keeps uncommonly lively, is that devoted to Foreign Rails. It is many a long day since this group has failed to provide something to talk about, thanks to the good earnings and big traffics.

HOME RAILS STEADIER.

American Rails had such good advices from New York that it was not surprising to find them opening here with a show of strength, in which Unions were rather distinctly prominent. New York was a buyer this afternoon, and though the Street market after hours did not maintain the best prices, the market was better all round for the day, and the "coaler" roads, like Erie, have been very good.

The weakness shown in the Home Railway group during the last few days was not continued in such pronounced fashion, for, in spite of slack business, the market was steadier. If anything gave way it was the Heavy group, just in sympathy with the gilt-edged section, and for the same reason. Under-girders were flat. The good Board of Trade returns received in connection with the railway group.

Electric lighting issues were heavy, no buyers being forthcoming. The second reading of the Power Bill for London was not liked.

There was a goodish Wassau crushing, 3dwt. a ton better than last time, but that was of no use with Kaffirs flat, and so West Africans were dull. Other mining markets were fairly steady, and British Columbians and the Broken Hill silver group were better.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOUTH-WESTERN (D. B.): Likely to increase the dividend slightly.—VOLUNTER (M. R.): We see no advantage.—PEKIN SYNDICATE (S. J.): Quite a gamble.

BARNATO CONSOLIDATED AND JOHANNESBURG INVESTMENT. Important Discussion. BUY

'The Daily Report.'

1½d. On Sale Everywhere. 1½d. IT WILL PAY YOU.

IF UNDECIDED WHERE TO GO consult the
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IT HELPS—TELLS HOW TO GET THERE AND WHERE TO STAY.
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1905.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE.

LAST night Mr. Chamberlain made another of his now rare appearances, and addressed a huge meeting at the Albert Hall. There was the usual effervescence, the usual "loud cheers," the usual resolution. But there was nothing to alter the conviction of nine out of every ten people one meets that Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy is in a state of suspended animation.

Has anyone noticed the curious parallel between Fiscal Reform and Home Rule? When Mr. Gladstone announced his conversion to Home Rule, there was just the same outburst of enthusiasm on one side and invective on the other as followed Mr. Chamberlain's first Fiscal speech in May, 1903.

Then there happened just the same splitting up of a Party, just the same frenzied controversy for a space of months, just the same gradual dying-away of interest in the subject on the part of the nation.

In each case a man of commanding personality forced a policy upon his party for a time, but in the end found himself unable to keep them up to it.

What are we to gather from the failure of the Tariff Reform agitation? That Mr. Chamberlain is a prophet without honour? Or that the country is right in deciding not to trouble its head any more about his proposals? Ought those who take an independent line in politics to rejoice or grieve over the downfall of the Tariff Reformers' hopes?

Well, how about Home Rule? It is quite true that is dead for the moment, but no sensible person can doubt that Ireland must eventually be allowed to manage her own local affairs. The only substantial difference between Mr. Gladstone's scheme and the Home Rule of the future will lie in this—that the latter will be Home Rule all round, not for Ireland only, but for England and for Scotland and for Wales as well.

Then we shall have, in addition to the local Legislatures, a truly Imperial Parliament, dealing with matters which affect the Empire as a whole. By this Parliament it is more than likely—it is pretty well certain—that some scheme on the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal will be adopted.

To the shallow observer of the present day it may seem that all Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain did was to break up parties. The historian of the future will see that they prepared the mind of the country for great changes; that their foresight and activity of mind were of the utmost value, although they apparently failed in what they were attempting to do. H. H. F.

TO RIVAL EARL'S COURT.

The other day the fact was recorded that, as soon as it became known the Pigmies were on the Terraces, the House of Commons was deserted.

Now it is proposed by an Irish M.P. that a band should play on the Terrace at tea-time and during the dinner-hour indoors, "as is done in other well-regulated restaurants."

Evidently it is felt that the House of Commons has become rather dull. Its proceedings have certainly been dull enough to the outside world for a long time past. Why not make it a really entertaining place—a rival to Earl's Court?

A water-chute might be arranged easily with the river so handy. Cocoa-nut shies in Palace Yard would be immensely popular. A capital freak collection could be on view in the Lobby (drawn, of course, from the present House).

A small charge for admission would easily cover expenses, and ought, indeed, to result in a profit which would come in very handy for Mr. Austen Chamberlain's next Budget. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is a whisper in the ear of childhood which says, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and there is a whisper in the ear of manhood saying, "Defrain! control."—H. R. Howells.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

A GOOD deal of surprise is felt in Parliamentary circles that Mr. Gully should have chosen his wife's maiden name to serve as a title for his peerage. This has very rarely, if ever, been done before, and conventional people claim that a better course would have been to retain, as Lord Goschen did, the family name, or to adopt a title from some land possessed in England. But what if Mr. Gully owns no land? The name Selby has the very ring of a peer's title. It is incredible that there should never have been a Lord Selby before now.

If Mr. Gully did not care to retain his own name it seems very sensible of him to have chosen as he has done, instead of fabricating a title out of a remote connection with a place. If the conventional people had their way landless peers might be reduced to calling themselves Lord Chelsea Embankment or Lord Carlton House-terrace. Mr. Chamberlain would then be seen retiring to the Lords as the Earl of Prince's Gardens.

The mention of Mr. Chamberlain reminds me that to-day is the sixty-ninth birthday of that ever-youthful fighter. Mr. Chamberlain has evidently

The Duchess of Sutherland's ball, on Monday night, will be preceded by many dinners given by various hostesses, who will take their guests on to the ball afterwards. Lady Londesborough is giving a dinner-party in South Audley-street before the event, and the hostess herself has also a big dinner. The ball is in honour of Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the pretty niece of the Duchess, who made her debut in the social world at Dublin last February, when the Prince of Wales was the guest of Lord and Lady Dudley for the week at Dublin Castle.

To-day was the day fixed for the garden-party which Lord Strathcona is to give at Knebworth. Some years ago Lord Strathcona rented this famous estate from Lord Lytton. He is a man of many manions. He has, needless to say, a house in London. Besides this there is his splendid seat in the valley of Glencoe, a house and lands in Nova Scotia, and two houses with more lands in Canada.

He began life as a clerk in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company, and now his name is the best known in all Canada, together with that of Lord Mount Stephen. He has passed through many dangers to reach his high position. At one

time worn at an artists' ball given by Mr. C. Conder at Chelsea.

Miss Gwladys Wilson, whose engagement to Mr. Eric Chaplin has just been announced, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, and the last of a group of sisters famous for good looks. Everybody remembers the immense sensation which her sister, Miss End Wilson, now Lady Chesterfield, made when she first appeared in society. Miss Wilson was one of the first society women to drive her own motor-car. She is a clever actress, and her appearance as a figure from one of Greuze's pictures at a tableaux-vivants party some time ago is still remembered by all who had the privilege of seeing her. She is a cousin, not, as has been stated, a sister, of Miss Muriel Wilson.

The rumours from St. Petersburg to the effect that General Dragomiroff, the Lord Roberts of Russia, as he is often called, is seriously ill, will grieve all who admire honest courage and general ability in a soldier. Dragomiroff has not been listened to when he has given his advice during the present war. He is the hero of a past generation. He took part in the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, and it was he who led the crossing of the Danube from Zemnitz to Sistova. He was wounded in the left knee by a Turkish bullet during the operations. He stooped down, bound up the wound, and, in spite of great loss of blood, continued to direct operations without withdrawing for a moment from under fire.

Lord Howard de Walden is the latest owner of racehorses to be elected to that very exclusive assemblage, the Jockey Club. He has now very many horses in training, and takes great interest in their work. He is a man of many tastes. He is very fond of motoring, owns some turbine steam launches, is considered quite an authority on fencing, and possesses a most unique and valuable library on the delightful art of swordsmanship.

This afternoon the deferred "Independence Day" reception will take place at Dorchester House. It was to have taken place last Tuesday, but was postponed on account of the death of Colonel John Hay. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will be "At Home" from four to six.

On Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim have a large dinner-party for Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, and afterwards Mrs. Bischoffsheim will hold a reception, to which all the principal people interested in Tariff Reform will be invited.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Elihu Root.

HE has just been appointed to succeed the late Mr. John Hay as American Secretary of State. In order to accept the new honour thrust upon him he has to renounce the biggest practice, except possibly Mr. Choate's, at the American Bar, a practice worth £40,000 a year. He has had, moreover, to stifle his taste for a life of obscurity and peace.

Mr. Hay approved of him as a successor to himself. Mr. Roosevelt has long drawn upon his immense legal experience and general sagacity. But it was the late President McKinley who appreciated him and picked him out, although he was then unknown to the general public, to be Secretary of War.

When McKinley was assassinated at Buffalo it was Mr. Root who took over the temporary charge of affairs. He was as calm and determined in that moment of confusion as if he had been managing an ordinary "case."

As a boy he sang the praises of poverty, and once read a paper before his friends at the Clinton Grammar School on the "Disadvantages of Being Rich." Since then he has become resigned to money, and now has plenty of it. After all, there is one thing worse than being rich—and that is being poor.

He is just sixty, and looks much younger. His grave manner and appearance suggest the Puritan, and a Puritan, even from his careful, plodding college days, he has proved himself to be. The only frivolous thing he ever did was to make a pun.

Packing some autumn leaves to send to a friend, he wrote on the cover, "Leaves of absence from a lien (left) tenant of a young lady's heart." Perhaps it was the contemplation of his only pun which made him the serious man he is to-day.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 7.—The pretty double-flowered achillea (milfoil) is coming out. The plant (shown as "the pearl") is covered with little white blossoms, and, when cut, is splendid for mixing with other flowers.

Who is not fond of heather? It is a mistake to think that heaths will not flourish in the garden, though doubtless in towns they would not thrive. A clump of white bell heather now makes a very charming picture on the rockery. Next month will bring other varieties, including the popular ling.

In a few days tulips, daffodils, and crocuses may be dug up if not doing well. After being dried in the sun and divided, they should be stored until planting-time comes. E. F. T.

LORD STANLEY "SEES THINGS."



The Postmaster-General paints a pitiable picture of the Post Office "blood-suckers"—telegraph boys, Post Office clerks, and telegraphists—who have entered into an unholy combination to blackmail the unfortunate John Bull and take all his money away from him. Lord Stanley has resolved to rescue the unprotected Mr. Bull from these vampires.

determined to rival the late Mr. Gladstone in disregarding the passage of time. The amount of work he has done during the last few years is worthy to be put beside such Homeric feats as Gladstone's Midlothian campaign in the 'Eighties or his Home Rule crusade a little later. When Mr. Chamberlain is as old as Mr. Gladstone was then may he, too, be introducing Bills of the most surprising kind and leading us along the paths of progress by means of Home Rule of Socialism.

One characteristic Mr. Chamberlain certainly shared with the "Grand Old Man" of politics—and that is the desire to convince everybody he meets, and the energy to do it. Not very long ago, in a picture-gallery, whether he had gone for a few hours' forgetfulness of work, Mr. Chamberlain was met by some unimportant but argumentative person, who began a discussion on the eternal question of tariffs. In a moment Mr. Chamberlain was armed for the fray, and convincing, with all the resources of his logic, a little knot of acquaintances about a question he ought to have been allowed to forget for a moment.

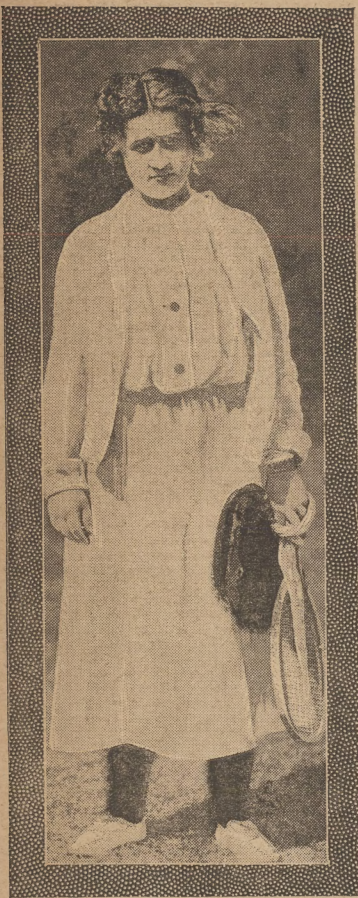
After all, Mr. Chamberlain was the only political fighter, except Disraeli and Parnell, worthy to cross swords with Gladstone. A significant note occurs in Mr. Gladstone's private diary which convinces one of this. It was made at the time of the Home Rule affair—about 1885. "Chamberlain came down to talk the question over with me" (this is the drift, if not the precise words of the diary). "He stayed all day. Hard day."

time he was in charge of a lonely station in the most desolate part of Labrador. The winter he spent there was terrible, and in the middle of it he was threatened with snow blindness—with permanent loss of sight. There was one doctor, some hundreds of miles away from the station, and the young man determined to reach him.

So he started, on what seemed a desperate errand, with two half-bred guides. He reached the doctor safely and his eyesight was saved. But on the way back the weather became so fearful that the two guides succumbed, and the young man had to struggle on, as best he could, without their help. He arrived only half alive at the station. I fancy that the habits fixed in him by those early privations remained unchanged in Lord Strathcona. Very liberal in distributing great sums of money, he remains frugal and self-denying in everyday life. He takes care of the pence, in fact, very carefully, so that he may have many pounds to give away.

Invitations for a dance have been issued by Mme. Errazuiz at her house in Bryanston-square for Tuesday next. The forthcoming hostess is an exceedingly pretty woman, half Chilean, half Spanish by birth. Her husband is a well-known artist of considerable merit. Mme. Errazuiz and her daughter are well-known and welcome guests in London and Paris, and the former has a charming style of dress, which suits her admirably. During the past winter she gained the first prize, a beautiful hand-painted fan, for the most charming cos-

LADIES' TENNIS FINALS at WIMBLEDON



Miss May Sutton, the American girl player, who is to meet Miss D. K. Douglass in the final for the ladies' singles lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon to-day.



Miss May Sutton playing in the semi-final for the ladies' singles championship. She played very cleverly and won by two sets to love.



Miss C. Wilson, who was defeated by Miss Sutton in the ladies' singles semi-final at Wimbledon.

NEW CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

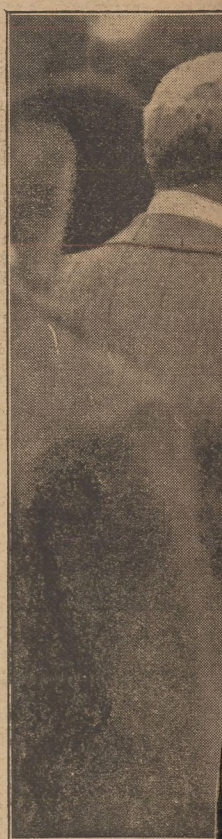


An unusual sight was witnessed in Canterbury when the procession shown in the photograph passed from the station to the Cathedral. It headed a party of Roman Catholics who had journeyed down from London on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

MARQUIS of BUTE



The Marchioness of Bute on the bridge of the turbine steamer Princess Maud, taking a last look at the disappearing coast of Ireland.



The newly-married Marchioness. The photograph was taken at the time of her wedding.



The Marquis and Marchioness going on board the Princess Maud, which carried them to Ireland. They were rowed out to the vessel in a boat manned by rowers dressed in spotless white uniforms, their arms worked on their jerseys.

THE S Wedding: PICTURESQUE SCENES PHOTOGRAPHED



Bute bidding good-bye to some of the tenants of her father's estate at Castlebellingat Annagassan just before the Marchioness embarked for her journey to Scotland.



A snapshot of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, taken as they were leaving the quay at Annagassan in the white-painted boat which conveyed them to the Princess Maud, anchored two miles out in Dundalk Bay.

OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE CRICKET. HENLEY & RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP, photographed



A snapshot taken at Lord's yesterday during the luncheon interval. The Oxford and Cambridge match always draws a crowd of fashionable folk to the famous cricket ground, and the scene was a brilliant one.



Sergeant-Instructor Churcher, of the Hythe School of Musketry, winner of the Gold Jewel in the Army Sixty Shoot at Bisley.



F. S. Kelly, of the Leander Club, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in record time. He even beat single-handed the fastest time a pair has ever made over the course.



The Leander eight winning the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Their Belgian opponents rowed a plucky race, but were beaten by two and a quarter lengths. Kelly, who won the Diamond Sculls later in the day, was rowing No. 2 in the Leander boat.

Our Saturday Short Story.

HENLEY ENGAGEMENT.

By DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

The river was a stream of moving life. Gay voices rang in a silver challenge across the crowded waters. Mingling with them was the sound of stringed instruments and minstrel songs. It was the last day of Henley Regatta.

"Well, everything must have its appointed end—even Henley Regatta," said Lord Arneston, a little sentimentally.

The girl, who was seated by his side on the deck of the houseboat Glow-worm, looked up at him with a strange light in her deep brown eyes.

"Shall you be sorry?" she asked in a sweet, rich voice.

"Yes, I shall be sorry," he answered simply. "I thought I'd grown altogether tired of Henley. It's about the tenth year running I've been here. But my interest in it has revived. I shall remember this Henley as long as I live."

"Why?" she asked, and she looked at him musingly.

"I'm forty now, Miss Basset. I've always had everything I've wanted as long as I can remember. I have tried most things, and had become a little weary of them all. And then all at once it was just as if I had walked out of gloom into eternal sunshine. These last three days at Henley are the most perfect my life has ever known."

"That sounds as if you were in love," she said, smiling.

They were alone on the deck of that houseboat.

"It is love," he said; "and it is you I love."

There was sudden silence between them. She did not move, but her attitude became a little rigid, her smile died.

"I cannot marry you," she said at last.

"I care for you as I have never cared for any other woman."

"My refusal will pain you, then. I am glad, because it is my wish to pain you."

Lord Arneston gazed at her in blank amazement. "Eight years ago I had a friend whom I loved as I should have loved my mother had she lived. She came over to England. She met a man here who made her love him. She loved him as only such a woman could love. She kept back no reserve of love. That woman's name was Agnes Reid."

The girl paused and looked at her companion closely.

The man did not speak. She fancied he had started—that was all.

"It pleased this man to win her love that he might cast it back at her. He gave her up—tired her. She came home to us my father and me—her old friends. I knew nothing of this man or of his name until after she died, and then I found some letters which told me all."

"And who was he?"

She leaned forward, her eyes were blazing in the darkness.

"That man was yourself, Lord Arneston. Those letters were signed by you. It was you who killed this woman."

"I see."

The words were spoken dully, without any feeling whatever.

"When I first met you," she continued, "I saw—a woman can always tell—that I attracted you. I resolved to do all in my power to make you care for me seriously. I wanted you to say what you have said to-night, that you loved me, that I might tell you this story, and give you that as my answer."

"A kind of revenge? Well, at any rate, Miss Basset, you have made me go through a very severe quarter of an hour. As for my defence, well, I will not trouble you with that."

He raised his hat and turned away.

Miss Basset watched him until the shadows swallowed his form up.

"I don't feel at all as I expected," she said to herself in dismay. "I thought I should glow with satisfaction. What a weak fool I am. If I hadn't told myself all day long and half the night what cause I had to hate him, I should have loved him."

Everybody noticed how quiet and pale Miss Basset was at supper, and many wondered what had become of Lord Arneston. When she reached her own little bedroom in the Glow-worm she found a letter waiting for her.

Two or three newspaper cuttings fluttered out of it. She read the brief note:

"You will see that the enclosed cuttings concern me from the brutality you were good enough to place to my credit. I should have undeceived you at the time, but it was plain to me that you had merely pretended to like me—when I had hoped that you—well, something different."

Miss Basset read the cuttings with wondering eyes. They briefly related police court proceedings which Lord Arneston had brought against an impudent scoundrel who had passed himself off under that name, with the purpose of obtaining credit from various tradespeople and hotel proprietors.

Miss Basset went back to London by a very early train the following morning. She had hoped to obtain sole possession of a compartment, but just as the train was on the move the door was opened hastily, and Lord Arneston jumped in.

"I followed you shamelessly," he said. "I've come to ask again what I asked you last night. My pride was terribly hurt. But I love you too much to let anything in the world part us, and, in spite of all, I believe you care for me, too."

"I believe I do," was Miss Basset's meek reply.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with the great Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, who had offered him a start in life.

During the interview Devenish is called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had left upon the table, done up in parcels of £5,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his "one false step"—he takes up one of the parcels of notes to experience the sensation of handling so much money, and before he can replace them Eve Daintree Devenish's daughter, who is already known to him, enters.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the whole interview with Mrs. Daintree has no opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to coughing the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who suggests a means of returning them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

In the morning Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he saw the accidental theft, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an L.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester is certain to become his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a millstone round his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is echoed by Eve Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

Hesper Mordaunt belonged to the gross order of men, and the fact was written pretty plainly on his coarse, bull-dog features. He had taken a violent fancy to Queenie; but he possessed no fine sense of distinction where women were concerned, and he was no more capable of appreciating the girl's pure, limpid nature than a pig, accustomed to wallow in the muck of its sty, is capable of appreciating a priceless pearl. His vulgar, narrow mind could not conceive the possibility of a pretty girl, who served in a shop much frequented by men, maintaining a particularly lofty standard of virtue, and in consequence he behaved to Queenie much as he behaved to certain "bar ladies" at his acquaintance. "Of course," he once explained confidentially to his friend Dexter, "the little flower girl plays the game cleverly—sort of 'keep your distance, young fellow; no larks with me.' But she knows what she's about, and is as fly as they make 'em. She doesn't believe in chucking herself away. But I shall get round her before I've done. A little present in the shape of a diamond ring, eh? Then a box at a theatre and supper after."

And now, taking advantage of the fact that he was alone with her in the shop, he suddenly leant across the counter and emphasised his suggestion that it rested with her whether he took her brother back or not, by chucking her under the chin.

It was the first time that he had touched her. And the man's coarse leer and his despicable suggestion, its genuineness not cloaked by his tone of elephantine banter, fired the girl's pure soul with fierce indignation, while his touch filled her with a sense of physical repugnance that expressed itself in a little involuntary shudder.

It is more common in melodrama than real life for a woman to reply with a blow to such a familiarity as that put on Queenie by Mordaunt. And if she was momentarily tempted to do so, she restrained herself.

She drew back sharply—out of the range of the man's would-be caressing hand.

And as she did so, Eve Daintree, escorted by Chester, swept into the little shop, with her characteristic bearing of easy, and almost impudic pride. She elevated her exquisitely pencilled eyebrows contemptuously.

She had entered in time to witness the little scene—and interpret it wrongly. Queenie's quick movement away from the man who leant with one elbow on the counter, his back turned to the intruders, was due to the unexpected interruption.

But Chester had not misunderstood. He was biting his lips savagely. The man's back, bulging over the corsets with which he endeavoured to impart style to a gross figure, seemed familiar to him. And the next moment Mordaunt turned, rather quickly. But he was not sensitive. Nodding a familiar farewell to Queenie, and raising his hat to Eve—a nice distinction this—he swaggered out of the shop.

Queenie had flushed scarlet in the geraniums that filled a nook in the little shop. Tears of humiliation rose to her eyes, and were within an ace of overflowing. The expression of cold con-

(Continued on page 11.)

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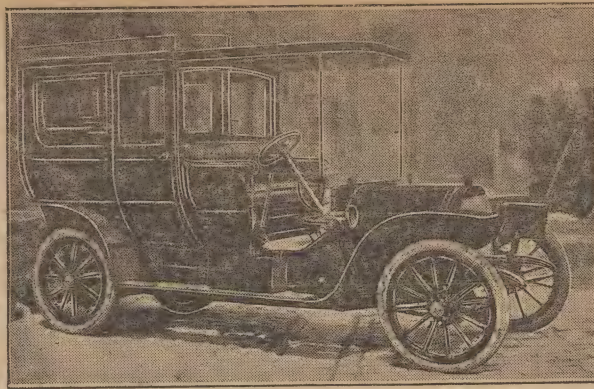
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MISS DECIMA MOORE,



Whose engagement to Major Frederick Gordon Guggisberg is announced.—
(Langlier.)

KING EDWARD'S NEW MOTOR-CAR.



It is a 40-h.p. car of the Limousin type. The body is painted royal lake, and it is upholstered in blue buffalo hide and fitted with two patent folding tables.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND HER BABY.



A charming portrait of a great public favourite. Miss Terriss was photographed as she was about to take her baby daughter, Betty, for a motor ride.

A WONDERFUL OLD LADY.



Mrs. Bell, of Bourne Park, aged ninety-one, is the grandmother of the Hon. Mary Dyke, who is to be married next Tuesday.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

témp on Eve Daintree's face told her that she had been misunderstood, and out her to the quick. The unexpected presence of Frank Chester, whom the happenings of the past night had drawn so closely to her, added to her painful embarrassment.

Chester, too, was feeling horribly uncomfortable. He had taken in, and judged, the situation rightly at a glance; and he was quick now to read the meaning of Eve's contemptuous attitude towards Queenie. It pained him indescribably. He was jealous for Queenie's reputation.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. Possibly in that brief moment of silent embarrassment he experienced a shadowy kind of instinct that he was in the presence of two influences, possibly antagonistic influences, destined to play big parts in his future.

It was only when he quitted the victoria outside the Mornington Hotel that it occurred to him that the Fernery must be Queenie's place of business. There had been no time to tell Eve that he was acquainted with Miss Mayfield, and Mrs. Daintree was unaware of the fact.

Now Eve's expression of contempt inspired him with a feeling almost of resentment. She was doing Queenie a gross injustice. He was a man who obeyed first impulses, and more often than not they were right. He stepped up to the counter and shook Queenie's hand with frank and unaffected friendliness.

"Miss Mayfield," he said, turning to Eve, "is an old friend of mine."

"Again a faint elevation of Eve's eyebrows. "Oh, indeed?" she said, with the lazy indifference of one but little interested. "And I'm quite an old customer of Miss Mayfield's."

Then, addressing herself to Queenie, without the slightest change of tone:—

"We're having a dinner to-night, and I want you to do the table for us. We dine at seven, so don't be later than six, please!" Then, turning with a gracious smile to Chester, and in completely changed tones, "Don't forget you're dining with us, Mr. Chester."

As a matter of fact, he had completely forgotten the invitation of the previous day. Since then he had arranged to meet Queenie at her brother's flat. But, before he could make reply of any kind, Eve, with a distant nod and a careless "Good morning" to Queenie, swept from the little shop to the faint music of whispering silk, and bearing herself

with that easy, almost voluptuous, grace that proclaimed her, in an indescribable way, to be a woman—not a merely beautiful statue.

Again Chester was sub-conscious of a feeling akin to resentment. Eve had contrived to convey the impression, in that subtle way of which a woman alone is capable, that she was on a higher level than Queenie, though, looking at it from the snobbish point of view of "birth" Queenie, daughter of the late Colonel Mayfield, was every whit as much a lady as the daughter of Vincent Devenish, though the one worked for her living in a flower-shop, and the other was in receipt of pin-money to the tune of a thousand a year.

"Well, Queenie, good-bye for the present," said Chester quite naturally, as he held out his hand. Because she happened to be at her place of business he saw no earthly reason for behaving otherwise than he would have done in private life.

His grip was clean and firm, and conveyed a great deal of sympathy. He could read unmistakable signs of suffering and suspense on her pale face, on the lips tightly compressed, lest, uncontrolled, they might twitch and droop pitifully at their corners. And, though it might be a very minor matter compared to the great burden haunting the girl's soul, Eve's attitude of cold contempt stung Queenie's sensitive nature very deeply. She was a proud little woman really, though her light, girlish manner covered her pride more effectually than Eve Daintree's rather superb style cloaked hers. It had been humiliating enough, in all conscience, to have been made the mark of Hesper Mordaunt's coarse and loathsome advances; but to have been looked upon as a consenting party to a vulgar flirtation with this gross creature was yet more humiliating.

Yet Queenie secretly hugged one great consolation to herself. Frank Chester had not misunderstood her. He had conveyed this to her unmistakably.

A mirror reflected Chester as he shook hands with Queenie and held her hand for a moment firmly in his own. He had not forgotten, or would he be likely to forget, that he owed his life to this girl. He felt regret at having to leave her now. He would have liked to have offered her comfort and hope, however incapable he might be of affording her real consolation, but Eve had reached the threshold of the shop. She had seen the reflection in the mirror.

Fate was chalking a triangle on the blackboard, and lettering it A B C. A, at the apex, a man, B and C, at the base and opposing each other, but

their lines converging to A, two women. And the solution? The axioms and definitions of trigonometry do not apply to human triangles. Trigonometry is a cold science, a thing of the head, not the heart. But the A B C of the human triangle possess hearts; therefore it is quite impossible to foretell the solution, logic ruling trigonometry but not human hearts.

Chester followed Eve from the little shop. Queenie, through a gap in the flowers that made the window a joy to the eye, could see them as they entered the victoria, and noted the luxury and the elegance of the equipage, and perhaps envied, with a little sinking of her heart, the easy grace of the exquisitely-gowned Eve as she leant back in the comfortable depths of the seat. She was overwrought, dead-tired, and haunted by the mystery surrounding her brother's disappearance. This was why, perhaps, Queenie's lips quivered and drooped at the corners, despite a brave effort to keep them tightly compressed, as she watched the victoria roll smoothly away.

Eve was saying something to Chester. She was smiling, and had thrown aside the expression of lazy, contemptuous indifference that she wore in the shop. Her magnificent eyes were bright with animation.

Brooding on Chester's part was impossible. Eve's attitude towards Queenie had pained him, causing him as well a feeling of disappointment; but now Eve was another person altogether, gracious, animated, womanly, and, as she talked on various subjects, most interesting. She seemed, somehow, to be on her mettle. It did not occur to Chester that possibly she was trying to efface the impression made on him in the flower-shop, or that she was fired with a vague spirit of rivalry. He was too free from conceit to imagine anything of this kind.

"By the way," said Eve, as the carriage rolled into Portland-square, "you never told me how you fared in the office after I left you."

The woman's personal charm and her interesting talk had driven the office, banknotes, and Dexter from Chester's mind for the time being.

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "I got on very well. I had no opportunity of either displaying or concealing my ignorance."

"Did that creature, Dexter, trouble you much? Try to make friends with you? Offer you fatherly advice?"

Eve's voice had gone hard. Either it was too much trouble, or she was unable to conceal her

(Continued on page 13.)

Summer Heat and Obesity.

Excessive stoutness is distressing at any time, but in the warm summer weather the obese suffer extreme discomfort. With them the necessity of "getting about" and attending to their ordinary occupations is a positive ordeal. The chief cause of this distress is that the lungs, encumbered with fat, no longer expand and contract in a natural way. The organs are almost clogged with the fatty accumulations and cannot possibly perform their work properly. Lessened expansion of the lungs means that less air is taken in, and the smaller the quantity of air inhaled the less oxygen for the body. This, especially in hot weather, is a source of great trouble. The healthy condition of the blood and the completeness of the circulation are in a great degree dependent on the amount of air the lungs take in. Thus so many stout people suffer ill-health because they do not receive enough oxygen. To such sufferers a course of Antipon cannot be too strongly commended. Antipon is certainly the most powerful fat-absorbent ever given to the world, and its enormous popularity is due solely to its unique merits, both as a fat-reducer and a tonic of the highest value. It is a liquid, of purely vegetable ingredients, quite harmless, and very refreshing in warm weather, its flavour being pleasantly tart. Antipon, being neither laxative nor the reverse, causes no intestinal disturbance or other discomfort. Briefly, the Antipon treatment is pleasant, easy, safe, reliable, and can be followed in the strictest privacy. No unusual dietary restrictions indicate to friends that any special treatment has been adopted. On the contrary, the subject, if he, or she, would assist the cure, must do justice to the wholesome, nourishing fare set before him, and this Antipon enables him to do, owing to its tonic action on the digestive system, by which a healthy appetite and sound digestive powers are assured. Thus the body being properly nourished becomes gradually strengthened while the superfluous fat is being permanently eliminated and the tendency to develop excessive fat destroyed. Within a day and a night of the first dose Antipon effects a reduction varying between 8oz. and 9lb., this being followed by a sure and steady decrease day by day until complete recovery of normal weight and symmetrical proportions, when the doses may be discontinued without fear of a relapse into the fat-developing condition.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE

is experienced by every stout person who gives Antipon even the merest trial. The reductive effect of this pleasant and harmless remedy is made apparent from the first, for within a day and a night of taking the first dose the subject loses from 8oz. to 9lb. in weight, according to individual conditions. Then follows a reliable steady decrease day by day until complete and permanent cure. With this rapid restoration of normal weight and correct proportions the general health is gradually improved. Appetite will be keener, digestion ameliorated, and the greater quantity of wholesome, properly digested food taken will soon enrich the impoverished blood laden with fatty particles, and quickly redevelop the flabby, overfatigued muscular tissue. In this easy, simple, and perfect home treatment there are no annoying dietary rules to worry about, no exhausting physical exercise, no drugging, no cathartics. The principle underlying the Antipon cure is the renourishment of the entire system, while the superfluous and unhealthy fat is being permanently expelled. The once stout man or woman, after a course of Antipon, can again enjoy outdoor recreations and social pleasures, and will feel and look years younger. The course can be followed in privacy. Antipon is neither aperient nor the reverse. It is just a pleasant tonic liquid of purely herbal ingredients, and is absolutely harmless. It has the additional advantage of being economical in use.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD.

Summer Clearance Sale

Now Proceeding and Throughout the Month.



REMNANT DAYS EVERY THURSDAY DURING SALE.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.



The "PRINCESS MARGARET."

Beautiful Creation in Fine Quality Voile, trimmed Dainty Lace Insertion, stylishly made in Champagne, White, Cream, Royal, and Navy Blue, Rosella, Light and Dark Brown, Rose Pink, Sky Blue, Biscuit, Greys, Heliotrope, or Black. This Costume is Mounted on very Rich Glace Silk throughout.

Sale Price, only **£1 19 6**

Three Smart Costumes Only 29/6 each



"THE RYDE" UNDERSKIRT.

Made of Fine Bright Alpaca; being very light in weight, it is particularly suited for the present season, can be supplied in White, Cream, Pink, Sky, Rose, Turquoise, Apple Green, Mauve, Rosella, Fawn, French Grey, Brown, Steel Grey, Navy, Black, Etc. Very full size and perfectly shaped. Usual Price 7/11.

Sale Price **6/6**

Either style, made from fine quality Tweed, Perfectly-Tailored, Coats lined Silk. Sale Price **29/6 each.**

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Very Effective Model, well-cut, and full size. The Material is Light in weight and very durable. The range of Colours is very large, including New Shades of Sky, Pink, Rosella, Grey, Mauve, Rose, Brown, Navy, Lilac, etc. Also in Plain Black. Usual Price 12/11.

Sale Price **10/11**

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The "VERSAILES."

Stylish Chiffon and Glace Silk Costume, on Silk Foundation, ornamented with Rich Gimpure Lace and Velvet. All new Colours, and Black or White. This can also be had in the Fashionable Cheek Taffeta Silks. Sale Price (complete) **£4 4 0**

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. CAREY BROS. WILL SELL BY AUCTION, MONDAY NEXT, July 10, at 2 o'clock prompt, 200 lots, including 20 new Boys' Cycles, with pneumatic tyres, one 6-h.p. Star Motor-car, to be sold in 4 lots; one 8-10-h.p. Daimler Drill wagon; 100 and 2 Motor-cycles, one Quad and a quantity of Cycle and Motor fittings, Vices and Tools. Without reserve. At their large Sale Rooms, Elephant and Castle Station, S.E. Telephone, 8382 Central.

FAIRLEY PARK BUILDING ESTATE near Bishop's Stortford, Herts.—Express trains from London without a stop. Immediately ripe for building operations.

MR. J. BROOKE STEWART WILL SELL, on the Estate, in a mortgage, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 12, 1905, some AVAILABLE BITES for VILLAS and small POULTRY FARMS—Plans, etc., with rail tickets to attend. Main Line End of the Great Central Station, 1.10 a.m. on above day, or of Mr. J. W. Humm (Vendor), 66, Harford-street, Mile End, E.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

ILFORD—£10 down, balance as rent; 10s. per week will purchase charming modern Villa, 18ft. frontage; parlour, kitchen, scullery, bath, and 2 bedrooms; good garden; full particulars and photo sent on application—Apply Builder, 229, Montpelier, Ilford.

£400 Cash. Freshford Bungalow; brick tiled roof; six rooms, bath, office; about 1 acre; gas, company's water, sewers; London 14 miles; mile station; good train service; balance 69s. 3d. monthly.—Homesteads (D) Limited, 27 Essex-st. Strand.

£500 will produce £230 per annum on leasehold property at Lee, S.E.; all new houses; let on yearly agreements; main parish road.

£500 will produce £100 per annum nett on weekly flats at Tooting, near tram and station, and adjoining open common; send for particulars and photographs; no agents.—J. Donald, 259, Pentonville, Kensington.

DENTISTRY.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st. (opposite Barneses), London (established 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good price given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-st. Hove Brighton.

TEETH Free.—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain founded to supply Artificial Teeth Free to the Needy Poor, those of Small Means, and Servants; Order Letters are given to Private Dentists for Free Teeth. Applications by letter to Office, 7, Whitefriars-st., E.C. Edwin Drew, Sec. Editor of "Amusement."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

COTTAGE Organ, splendid tone; £4 10s.; bargain.—115, Bishop-st. Cambridge Heath, N.E.

COFFAGE Piano; good condition; £4 10s.; easy terms.—Payne, 108, Abchurch-lane, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

PIANOFORTE.—Gentleman having England seeks purchaser for his magnificent upright Iron Grand on resonating sounding-board; new this season; all latest improvements; exquisite marquetrie panel; lovely tone and touch; no finer instrument could be desired.—If for drawing-room; original price 55 guineas; take £14 14s.; approval willingly; 30 years' warranty—transferable. Apply after 4 p.m. Major 49 Bidborough-st. Euston-rd. King's Cross.

SEEGER'S beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by new combing it through.

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

TRIAL 7d. HAIR DYE limited free from 2/- the Case.

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BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

Let Us send YOU Our Catalogue No. 90. TO-DAY'S "SPECIALITIES."

FUMED OAK BEDROOM SUITE, solid throughout, hand-made, wholesale price. An astounding bargain. **£5 18 6**

MASSIVE BEDSTEAD & BEDDING, complete, comprising sanitary wire mattress, wool overlay, bolster, and pillow. Hundreds selling. Marvellous value. **£1 8 6**

Thousands of other lots equally cheap. A visit to our store will convince you of the advantage of dealing direct with the manufacturers. A saving of 35 per cent. in price. Credit accounts opened if desired. Cash Discount 2s. in £.

WITTAM AND COMPANY, 231, Old Street, City Road, E.C.

Business Hours: 9 till 8.30. Saturdays, 9 p.m. Established 63 years.

FITS CURED BORWICK'S POWDER

by OZERNE—the prescription of an eminent London Specialist. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price, 4/6 and 1/6 post free. Thousands of testimonials. Write (naming this paper) for a free bottle, and test it.—(Dept. 20, 1, W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, High Street, Belfast.

Non-Flam WON'T BURN

EVERY LADY should read this flannelette talk! Ordinary flannelette has a very serious drawback—it catches fire so easily, and burns so quickly.

NON-FLAM, the new fireproof flannelette, WILL NOT BURN. Held over a lighted candle it merely smoulders and goes out immediately the light is withdrawn. Moreover, NON-FLAM is aseptic—disease germs cannot live upon it. You can wash NON-FLAM again and again without destroying its valuable properties. Coroners, Medical Men, the Press—all speak of NON-FLAM in the highest terms.

PARENTS! You and your children run needless risks if you wear ordinary flannelette. WEAR NON-FLAM, the safe flannelette. Of all Drapers. TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE. SEND POSTCARD NOW AND WE WILL POST YOU FREE SAMPLE AND FULL PARTICULARS.

Address **PATENTEES "NON-FLAM"** (Desk 46), Aytoun Street, Manchester.

THE SAFE FLANNELETTE

BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS

Continents, Coventry Challenge, Rivers, Premiers, Progress, Swifts, Imperials, Judge-W! ALL THE BEST COVENTRY MAKES



A GOOD COVENTRY CYCLE £4.150 Four Years GUARANTEE... On Approval EASY PAYMENTS WITHOUT PUBLICITY No Hire-Purchase Agreements. No Objectionable Conditions Write for LISTS to E.O'BRIEN Ltd. (No. 10 D 6) The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

BON MARCHÉ

BRIXTON, S.W. LTD.

Summer Sale, MONDAY NEXT.

When we shall, as hitherto, make **SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS**

In the WHOLE of our LARGE and VARIED STOCK. An enormous quantity of Manufacturers' end-of-the-season Surplus Stocks will be offered extraordinarily cheap.

NEW PREMISES

Opposite Main Building will be partly **OPENED MONDAY NEXT.** When the present Stock of CABINET FURNITURE will be marked **WONDERFULLY CHEAP to CLEAR.**

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DO YOU WANT A GOOD CYCLE?

If so, then write to us. There is no cheapness (whatever the price) in an inferior cycle, and there are no better cycles than

COVENTRY MADE CYCLES.



High-Grade COVENTRY CYCLE from £5 Approval and Four Year's Guarantee. Easy payments without publicity. Lists and expert advice free on request. "The Mirror" IMPERIAL CYCLE SUPPLY CO., COVENTRY.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

FREE to Rentpayers.—The current number of an Illustrated Magazine will be sent post free on application to those who would like to know how to use their rent to buy their houses—Write, mentioning "The Mirror," to the Editor, "Home," 3, Brunsfield-st., London, E.C.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THREE GIRLS AND ONE BOY ARE PRIZEWINNERS.

Though only three days were given to the children this week in which to colour and send in their pictures for the competition, the numbers received were very great indeed. The competition was evidently most popular. It showed a Dutch boy fishing in one of the canals of that flat country across the sea.

The first prize of five shillings is carried off by Edith Holby, who is eleven years old. Her address is 209, Newcome-road, Fratton, Portsmouth. The second prize of 2s. 6d. goes to another little girl, also eleven years old. Her name is Nora Patey Coulson, 21, Rathfern-road, Catford, S.E. Nora has made her canal water very green, while Edith Holby has made hers red and gold, the effect, I suppose, of the setting sun.

The third prize winner is yet another little girl, Priscilla Coventry Peache, whose age is nine years, and whose address is Plex House, Old Bilton, Rugby. Last week we had all boys as prize winners, and I was beginning to think our artist had awarded all the prizes this week to the girls.



A design for a dressing-jacket made of white haircord muslin, or any other possible remnant from the sales, edged with lace and tied in front with ribbon. It is a cool coat, with large sleeves and an open throat.

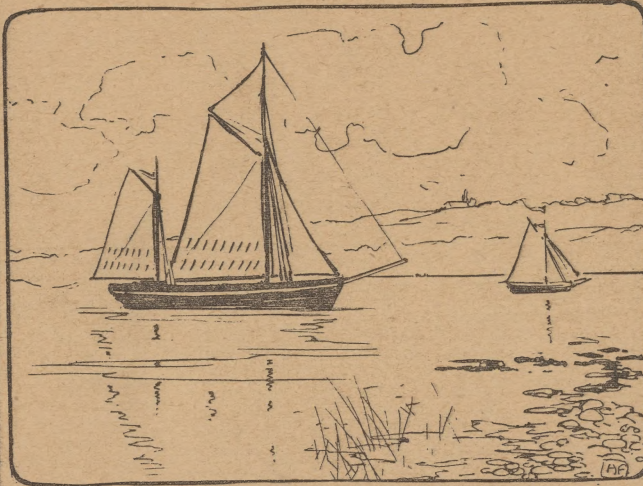
I find, however, that K. Davies, 470, Mile End-road, E., who is a little boy of seven years of age only, is the winner of the fourth prize, and very well he deserves it. His canal is of a purple hue, and he has expressed the sunset effect with night swiftly coming on very cleverly indeed.

Chosen for honourable mention are the pictures sent in by Dorothy Martin (eight years old), Wainlands View, Porthill, Longport, Stoke-on-Trent; Harry William Moy (eight years old), 6, Spains-croft, Widford, Chelmsford, Essex; Blanch Robinson, who is ten years old, 7, Brussels-road, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, S.W.; and J. A.

CLEVER COLOUR SCHEMES.

GOWNS IN HARMONY WITH DISPOSITION.

My lady beautiful should study her own particular individuality and choose for her gowns only the colours that will harmonise with her disposition, for wise men have discovered that certain colours produce upon certain persons a most depressing and injurious effect. Therefore, it behoves all those who would be happy as well as healthy to learn



This is the picture for the Children's Corner Competition, a full explanation of which will be found in the adjacent letterpress. The picture should be coloured in chalks or water-colours, and all competitors must send their contributions to the Children's Corner by Thursday morning next.

Wigg, 97, East-street Buildings, Baker-street, W. I do not know whether J. A. Wigg is a girl or a boy, and no age is mentioned. I like all competitors to give me their Christian names, and always to mention their age.

The picture this week shows a sailing ship in a bay upon the sea coast. It will make a lovely view when coloured in chalks or water-colours, I am sure. Competitors should send in their coloured pictures addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Thursday morning, July 13. The usual number of prizes await successful competitors, namely, one prize of 5s. and three of 2s. 6d.

just which hues are most appropriate and, having discovered the combinations that produce the happiest results, there only remains the practice of applying these rules to everyday-life to produce the ideal manner of living.

For instance, no one inclined to melancholia should wear black, green, or sombre brown, or any shade of deep purple. Strong scents are also forbidden, and if any perfume is used it must be the faintest one, and preferably something in the sachet form rather than scent used in the ordinary way. As the case improves and the normal state is reached, brighter colours are chosen and more decided scents are allowed.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

utter contempt for the man. Chester shook his head. He was experiencing the old feelings of uneasiness.

"No," he replied quietly. "He asked me to lunch with him, that was all. Of course," he added lightly, "it's rather early in the day for me to speak, but so far, Mrs. Daintree, I've seen no signs of the cloven hoof."

"But watch for it!" Eve was speaking with an almost nervous intensity. "And I want you to take me seriously over this matter. Please don't look on me as a sort of croaking raven, Mr. Chester; but it's quite possible that this man will try to prejudice my father against you, particularly when he realises how much my father appreciates you, and expects from you. I make no excuse for talking to you like this. I look on you as quite, quite an old friend, Mr. Chester, and I want you to consider me in the same light."

But Chester, troubled as he was by Eve's statements, could not reconcile them with Dexter's conduct towards himself. If Eve were right, and Dexter looked on him as a possible danger to his plans, whatever they might be, he had deliberately thrown away his character. When he, Chester, Dexter had but to give him in charge, and his career would have been damned utterly. Now Dexter's hold on him amounted to a simple I O U. "We are friends then—and allies?" said Eve. "Yes," replied Chester; but he was painfully conscious of the irony of the situation. He was asking him to help her fight the man who had saved his good name, and who, putting all else on one side, had at least a tremendous moral hold on him.

Eve held out her hand as the carriage drew up. "Thank you," she said, her magnificent eyes, as they spoke silent gratitude, thrilling the man curiously, and the frank pressure of her hand quickening the throbs of his pulses.

Was she trying to win his heart, or merely to win him over to her side?

Devenish House was a grey, big structure, and, as seen from the square, rather barracklike and gloomy; but the interior was palatial and fur-

nished with an imposing, if rather ponderous magnificence.

"By the way," said Eve carelessly, as they crossed the great marble-pillared hall, "you know Miss Mayfield well. She's quite an artist in her own line of business."

Chester explained how Tom Mayfield was an old school-fellow.

"Oh yes, of course," said Eve, seeming to make an effort of memory. "I've met Mr. Mayfield. He's in that man Mordaunt's office, isn't he?"

"He was," thought Chester grimly. Eve laughed lightly.

"Of course, that perhaps accounts for the interest Mr. Mordaunt takes in the girl. I felt quite sorry to interrupt him this morning."

Chester's blood tingled. "I think Miss Mayfield was very thankful for the interruption," he said quietly.

"Oh, do you?" smiled Eve. "I had quite another impression."

She came to a standstill and removed the white, feathery thing—as Chester, in his masculine ignorance, would have described it—from her shoulders.

"Mr. Mordaunt dines here to-night," she continued, contented creeping into her voice. "He is another of my betes noir; but he has my father's confidence."

But Vincent Devenish appeared and was crossing the hall.

Chester looked at him twice. The man's altered appearance gave him a mild shock.

CHAPTER X.

It was past four o'clock when Chester quitted Devenish House, and, springing into a hansom, told the man to drive to Piccadilly. Alighting at the Circus, he footed it to the Fernery. After two

hours' private and very confidential conversation with Mr. Devenish in the library, he had declined Eve's invitation to take afternoon tea. Queenie had an appointment at six, and he had pledged himself to dine at Devenish House. He wanted to have a long talk with Queenie. The positions were changed since they watched through the night together—watched and waited. The girl had strengthened the man then; now the man wanted to strengthen and help the girl.

When he entered the little shop Mr. Mordaunt was leaning on the counter, nursing his bulldog chin in his hands and eyeing Queenie with a stare that was an insult, while Mr. Dexter, standing beside him, held a rose to his nostrils and was inhaling the delicate perfume with an expression of quiet gratification on his colourless, firm features. One of Queenie's partners was also behind the counter—a plain-featured young lady, with good teeth, nice eyes, and an expression best described as "jolly."

Queenie was looking absolutely dead-beat. But her eyes lighted up with an expression of thankfulness as Chester entered the shop. Mr. Dexter, who had seen his entrance in a mirror, turned and greeted him with an almost formal politeness, and then proceeded to insert the rose in his buttonhole. Mordaunt turned his head, nodded to Chester, and then continued to stare at Queenie. And there is no defence against a man's stare.

"I hardly thought," said Dexter, "that I should see you back at the office to-day."

He smiled indulgently.

At that moment a ragged little urchin thrust his smutty face into the shop, and flourished the contents-bill of an evening paper.

"Pyper—pyper! 'Orrible mystery! Unknown man robbed and murdered! 'Ere y'are, gents. All the horful detyles!'"

(To be continued.)

Derry & Toms' GREAT SUMMER SALE

IS NOW PROCEEDING.

NOW is Bargain Time in all Departments.



6/11 complete.

50 doz. Floral Paper Lampshades in all colours. Lace Top, Spray of Flowers (any choice) 6/11 complete. Table Lamp size, 5/11. Packing box, 10d. (returnable).



Usual price, 3/11.

Sale price, 2/6.

50 doz. Electro-Plated Chatelaine Note Books, Cherub Design, 1/2. Without chain and hook, 10d. Refill Books, 1d. each.



Usual Price, 18/6. Sale Price, 10/6



(This Tray is our own exclusive design.)

DERRY & TOMS, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

"DAILY MAIL."

TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMME.

ALEXANDER PARK.

2.0.-MIDDLESEX SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. winner to be sold for 50 sovs. One mile.

Bayleigh	6 9 0	Coldra	7 8 11
Blue Streak	6 9 0	Lord Cole	8 8 11
Flint	6 9 0	Mowla	8 8 11
Bulbul	6 9 0	Vive la Reine	8 8 11
Roseberry	6 11 1	Merry Flag	7 7 13
The Swami	6 8 11	Cross Park	7 7 13

2.35.-JULY HANDICAP of 200 sovs. Five furlongs.

Titanes	7 8 2	Songcraft	7 8 2
Schnapps	6 7 11	Worfe	6 12
The Del	6 7 10	Princess Sagan	6 10
Rus Dunsin	4 7 10	Slight	6 10
Crystal	3 7 9	Little Dolly	6 6
Bismontown	3 7 8	Trille de	6 6
Copper King	4 7 5	Perigord	3 6 6
Cleve	5 7 2	Mambrils	3 6 6
Queen's Cliff	3 7 2	Scotch Maid	3 6 6
Pine	4 7 2	Hon. Jummy	3 6 6
Curtain Lecture	3 7 1	St. Donata	3 6 6
Eageres	3 7 0		

3.5.-OAKLEY PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs.

Jocoseria	8 9	Talgarth	8 6
Storyteller	8 9	Tilda	8 6
Villefranche	8 9	Noelia	8 6
Borealis	8 9	The Creeper	8 6
Sovereign Lady	8 6	Belrod Lead	8 6
Marjorie	8 6	Juvie	8 6
Favour	8 6	Mascotte	8 6
Posy	8 6	Madam Marian	8 6
Lady Lily	8 6		

3.40.-NORTH LONDON HANDICAP of 300 sovs. One mile and a quarter.

Longford Lad	9 0	Queen's Own	7 4
The Arrow	8 12	Whinbloom	7 4
Coxcomb	4 8 4	Wedding Day	4 7 1
Measman	7 7 8	Let Go to the	6 13
Brandenburg	3 7 7	Adonis III.	6 13
Aid	3 7 7	Chincherry	3 6 9
Seymour	3 7 7		
Carlita	3 7 7		
Fido de St.	3 7 6		
Maruma	3 7 6		
Childwick Belle	3 7 6		

4.10.-MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.

Pearl	9 12	Carga	8 11
Illustrous	9 9	Miss Bend	8 11
Mount Russell	9 0	Miss Bend	8 11
Flanier	9 0	Stop Her	8 11
Benarra	9 0	Wisdom	8 11
El Fe	9 0	Victoria May	8 11
Marlow	9 0	Goze By	8 11
Homelo	9 0		
Jacopo	9 0		

4.40.-METROPOLITAN PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a half and 110 yards.

Coptona	9 9	Myardley	8 6
Y. nem.	8 11	Mont Prospect	8 6
Monkeyface	6 8 13	Possidon	3 7 8
Leslie Carter	5 13	Crown and Buckland	3 7 8
Canral	8 13	Moutrouge	3 7 8
Alderman	5 9 12		

ANGLERS' CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The draw for the first round of the Anglers' Challenge Shield, of which the Dalston A.S. are the holders, has resulted as follows. They have to be fished on July 16:-

NORTH.
At Ware: West Green v. Eagle; referee, F. Newton; time of train, 7.25 a.m. Liverpool-street.
At St. Margarets: Enterprise v. Hoaton Brothers; T. Scott, 7.25 a.m. Liverpool-street.
At Rye House: Edmonton and Tottenham v. Original Clerkenwell; Yewell, 7.25 a.m. Liverpool-street.
At Amberley: Highbury v. Crown and Buckland; Highbury have scratched.
At Chesham: Park v. Camden; Platt, 7.25 Liverpool-street.
Bostonians, a bye.

SOUTH.
Amberley: South Bermondsey v. South London; referee, F. Renn; time of train, 8.30 a.m. London Bridge.
Amberley: Westminster v. Penge; E. Rowles, 8.30 a.m. London Bridge.
Amberley: Spread Eagle v. North Camberwell; J. J. Frei, 8.30 a.m. London Bridge.

EAST.
Malden: Walthamstow Brothers v. West Ham; time of train, 7.20 Liverpool-street.
Rye House: Dalston v. North-East Brothers; referee, H. Haines, 7.25 a.m. Liverpool-street.
Malden: Linchman v. Steepney, 7.20 Liverpool-street.
St. Margarets: Original Alexandra v. Cambridge Heath Brothers; S. Stanton, 7.25 Liverpool-street.
Shipale: Good Intent v. Brunswick Brothers; B. Abrahams, 9 Paddington.
Hathfield: Faveril: Upton Park v. Earl Darnley, 7.20 Liverpool-street.
Marlow: Waltham Green v. Duke of Norfolk; G. Hunt, 8.40 Paddington.
Albion Brothers, a bye.

WEST.
King's Langley: Warwick Castle v. Brompton; 9 Euston.
Wargrave: Sundial v. Newbury Rise; J. Herwood; 9 Paddington.
Henley: Ealing v. Cobden; W. J. Woodward; 9 Paddington.
Tring: Carlton v. Campbell United; Boulter; 9 Euston.

Under the improved conditions of the present day—more modern appliances, better methods of treating the raw material, and so on—none of our industries has progressed so much as that of boot-making. The art of dressing leather was in its infancy a generation ago as compared to the present day production. Then, again, where one fitting was manufactured, eight fittings are the order of the present day, with countless grade of shapes; this latter is the great point, as it is obvious that a boot that fits wears twice as long as an imperfectly-fitting boot. Amongst the leaders of this Skinner, who claim to furnish the public with goods made in England from the finest material. A speciality is made of glove kid, box calf, and tan calf boots for men, which are made in 117 different sizes, shapes, and fitting. The Realm Boot is sold at 10s. 9d., and the Final 12s. 9d. A postcard to 275, High Holborn will bring the address of the nearest local agent, or, better still, call in at any of Lilley and Skinner's 75 different branches and be fitted.

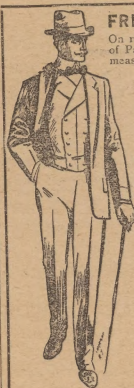
THAT ALL-GONE FEELING,

WORSE THAN PAIN,
THAT COMES FROM
INDIGESTION,
GIVES WAY BEFORE
**MOTHER SEIGEL'S
SYRUP.**

Mr. George Gittins, of 27 Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E., writing on April 13th 1905, said:—"For many years I suffered from indigestion, was always in pain—more or less, and food, even simple food, aggravated my suffering. The pain was chiefly in the stomach, but often in the back, between my shoulders. I lost my appetite, and at times the mere smell of food made me feel sick. Then there was a *wretched sinking, all-gone feeling, which was worse than actual pain.* It seemed to take all life and energy out of me. I lost flesh and became very weak. I took many medicines and had doctors, but without lasting benefit. Finally I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and when I had used one bottle I felt much better. I persevered with the Syrup and soon regained appetite and strength and in a few weeks was quite well."

*** The remedy that Mr. Gittins used is low-priced, sure and speedy in action. You can get it at any chemist's shop. Don't take "some thing just as good" if offered to you.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per Bottle.



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AT
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WHATEVER. **30/-**

Comprising all the newest designs and colorings in Solid Worsteds (stripes and checks), Blue and Black Serges, genuine Scotch and Housman Tweeds, including latest Brown Shades, and

PRONOUNCED BY THE PUBLIC to be the finest value ever offered. Unsolicited Testimonials Daily Received.

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THE POPULAR
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**Mackintosh's
Toffee**
IN TINS
SAVES FAMILY JARS

Direct from Factory to Wearer

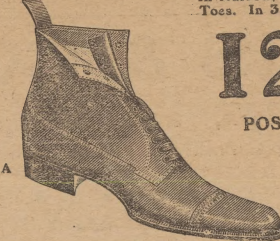
AT FIRST COST

Gent's Finest Quality Box Calf or Glace Kid Lace Boots, Bark Tanned Soles, Goodyear Welted; a perfect fitting and thoroughly reliable Boot.

As sold in the Shops at **16/6**

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.
In Narrow, Medium, or Broad Toes. In 3, 4, and 5 Fittings.

As sold in the Shops at **16/6**



12/6
POST FREE.

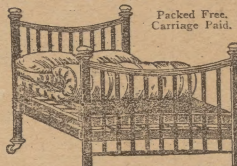
COUPON—1905.
Enclose P.O. for 12/6, for 1 pair Gent's Boots, as advertised in the "Daily Mirror."
Size..... Shape..... Fitting.....
Name.....
Address.....

Can also be had in Brown Willow Calf or Brown Glace Kid, at same Price. A or B. When Ordering, state which Design, A or B. **S. E. MINARDS**, Boot Factory, NORTHAMPTON.

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(POSTCARD) AND YOU WILL

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Save Shillings probably Pounds

All Goods sent Direct from Works, saving Retail Profits. Bedsteads (Metal and Wood). Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c.

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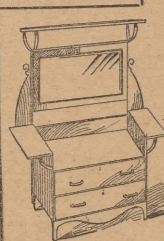
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NO ADDED INTEREST. NO EXTRA CHARGES FOR CREDIT.

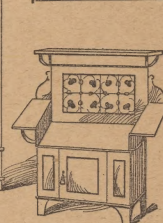
TERMS.			
WORTH.	PER MONTH.	WORTH.	PER MONTH.
£10	6 0	£100	22 5 0
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Any amount pro rata.

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STEELEPOLOIS Cycles—highest grade, ten-guinea models. Exotic coatons, inverted tanks. Clutchers, plated time Reynolds's built tubes. £4 19s. 9d.; lists free—Champion Cycle Co., Sheffield.

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INCOME £350 year; valuable working plant, horse, van, etc.; business soon undertaken; owner will give every prompt and initiation; good foreman would remain; only £450. Apply Mr. Meeks, 30, Holborn.

